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No. 2 OCTOBER

# OUR FLAG

COMICS 10c

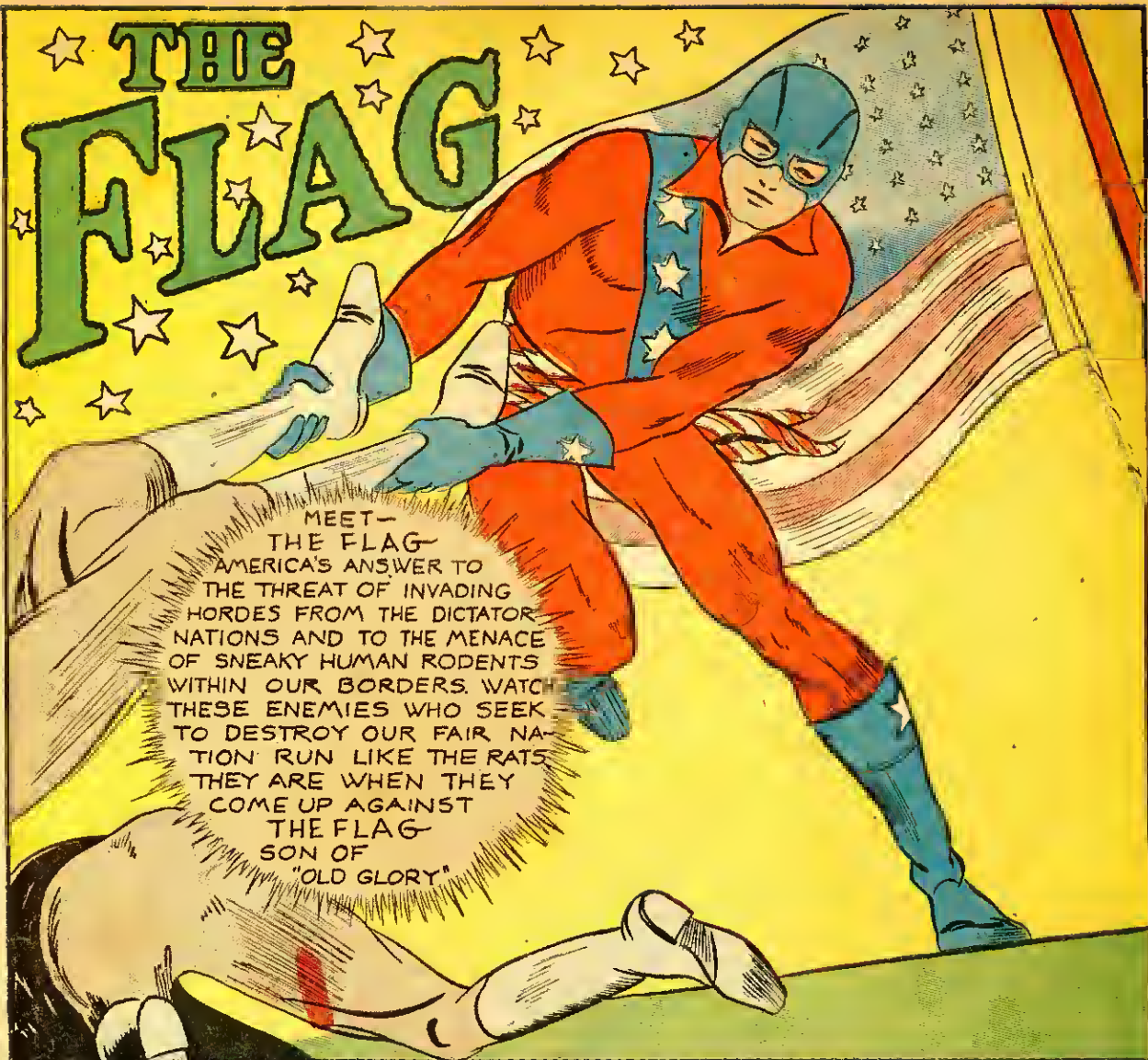


America's new fascinating, colorful hero, **THE FLAG**, smashes his star-spangled way through the attacking enemy forces—to victory





# THE FLAG

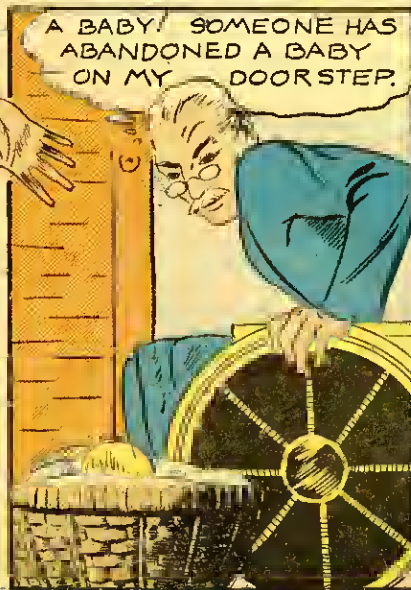


MEET—  
THE FLAG—  
AMERICA'S ANSWER TO  
THE THREAT OF INVADING  
HORDES FROM THE DICTATOR  
NATIONS AND TO THE MENACE  
OF SNEAKY HUMAN RODENTS  
WITHIN OUR BORDERS. WATCH  
THESE ENEMIES WHO SEEK  
TO DESTROY OUR FAIR NATION  
RUN LIKE THE RATS  
THEY ARE WHEN THEY  
COME UP AGAINST  
THE FLAG—  
SON OF  
"OLD GLORY"

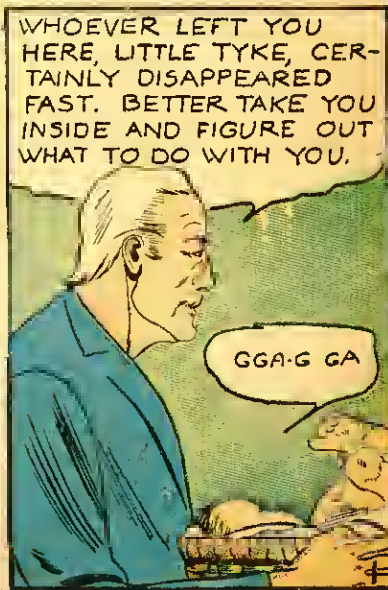


THERE GOES  
THE DOOR BELL.  
WONDER WHO'S  
CALLING THIS  
EARLY IN  
THE DAY.

IN THE BACK OF HIS SHOP IN  
AN EASTERN CITY, JOHN  
COURTNEY, CRIPPLED WAR  
VETERAN AND FLAG MAKER  
WORKS WHEN-----



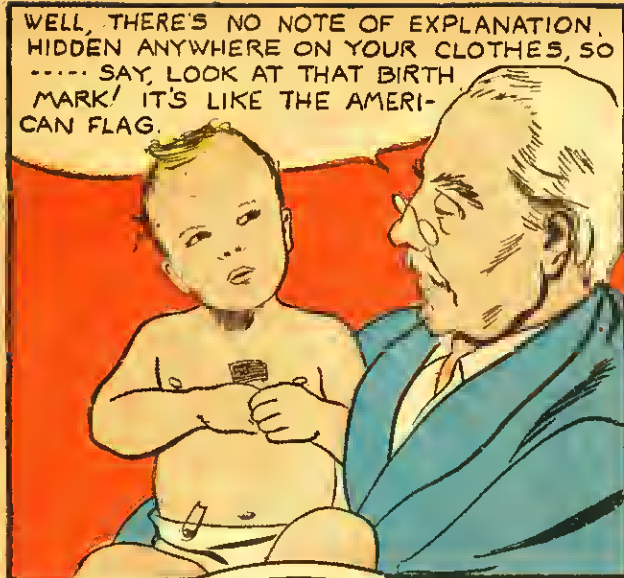
A BABY! SOMEONE HAS  
ABANDONED A BABY  
ON MY DOORSTEP.



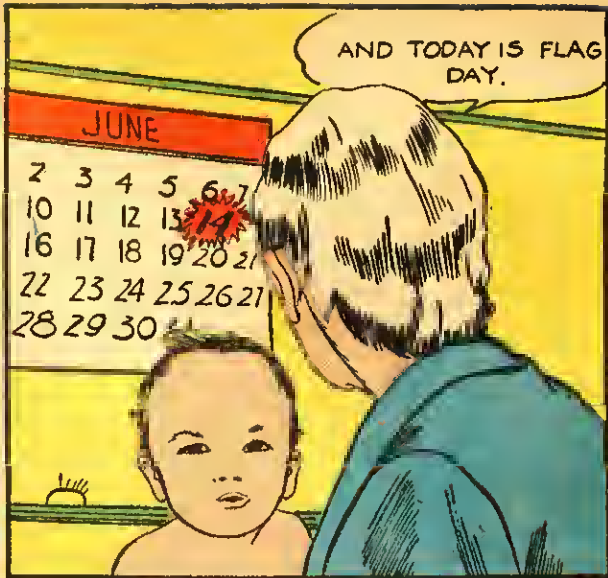
WHOEVER LEFT YOU  
HERE, LITTLE TYKE, CER-  
TAINLY DISAPPEARED  
FAST. BETTER TAKE YOU  
INSIDE AND FIGURE OUT  
WHAT TO DO WITH YOU.

GGA-G GA

WELL, THERE'S NO NOTE OF EXPLANATION, HIDDEN ANYWHERE ON YOUR CLOTHES, SO ..... SAY, LOOK AT THAT BIRTH-MARK! IT'S LIKE THE AMERICAN FLAG.



AND TODAY IS FLAG DAY.



THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN APPEARS ON THE SURFACE. A LITTLE BABY WITH A BIRTH-MARK SHAPED LIKE A FLAG ON HIS CHEST IS LEFT ON THE DOOR STEP OF A FLAG-MAKER ON FLAG DAY. IT'S CERTAINLY FATE



THE NEXT DAY AT A LOCAL NEWSPAPER OFFICE:

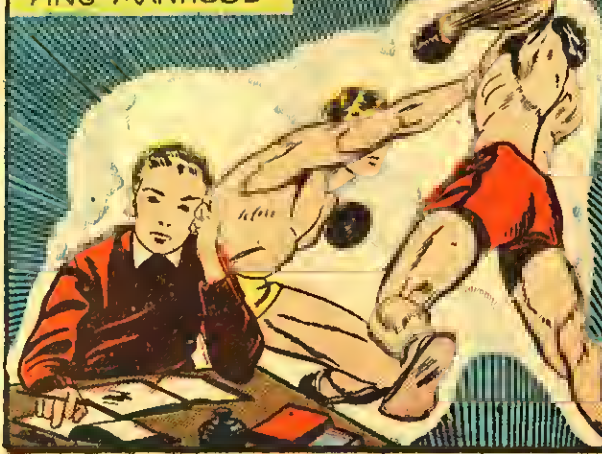


WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS, OLD GLORY?

TELL YOUR READERS THAT I'M GOING TO NAME THE BOY JIM COURTNEY AND BRING HIM UP TO LOVE HIS FLAG AND HIS COUNTRY.

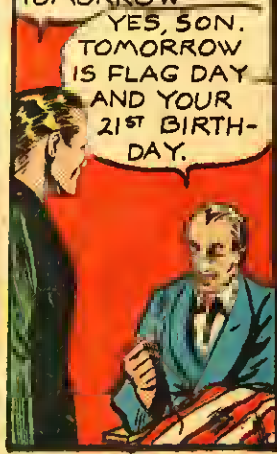


THE YEARS SWEEP BY, AND UNDER OLD GLORY'S CARE, THE ADOPTED BOY JIM, EXCELS IN SPORTS, STUDIES, AND ALL HE ATTEMPTS, AND GROWS TO STRAP-PING MANHOOD



THEN IN 1941----- I THINK I'LL HIT THE HAY, DAD. I'LL HAVE A BUSY DAY TOMORROW

YES, SON. TOMORROW IS FLAG DAY AND YOUR 21ST BIRTH-DAY.





WHY, WHY, YOU FELLOWS ARE THE SPIRIT OF '76! WHERE-WHERE, ARE YOU TAKING ME

... AND IN HIS DREAM, JIM COURTNEY IS TAKEN UPWARD -- THROUGH SPACE.

WE ARE MORE THAN THAT. WE ARE THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA ITSELF-- AN AMERICA AWAKENED AND FIGHTING FOR ITS LIFE. YOU MUST COME WITH US

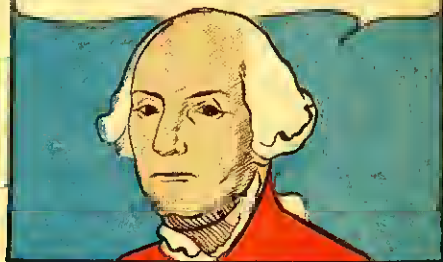
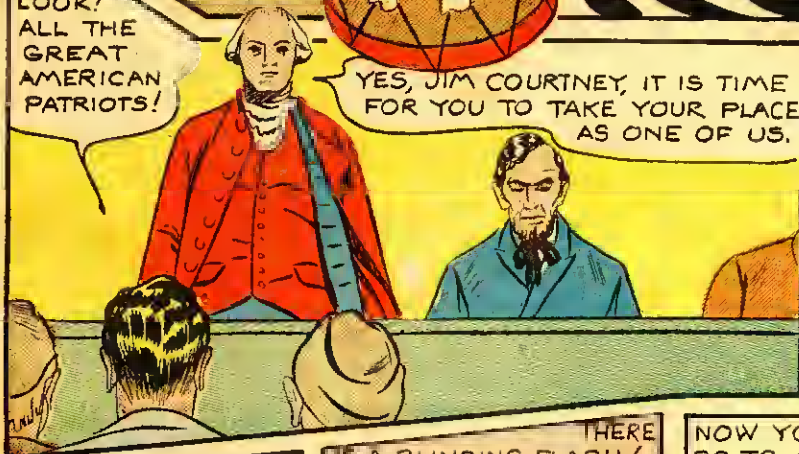


AS YOU SHALL SEE NOW, JIM COURTNEY, IT WAS NOT JUST CHANCE THAT ORDERED YOUR LIFE AS IT HAS BEEN.

LOOK! ALL THE GREAT AMERICAN PATRIOTS!

YES, JIM COURTNEY, IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO TAKE YOUR PLACE AS ONE OF US.

YOU HAVE BEEN SELECTED BY US TO PERFORM HARD AND DANGEROUS TASKS.

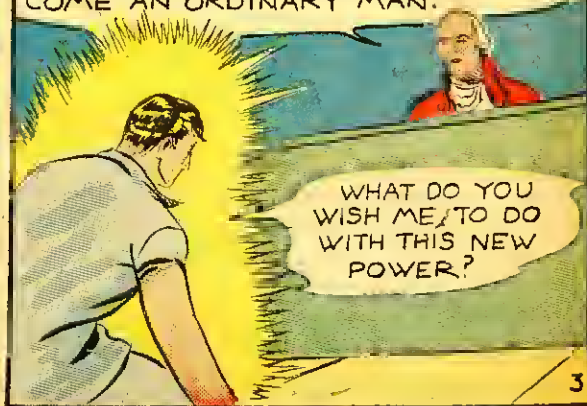


YOU WILL NEED MORE THAN ORDINARY POWERS TO CARRY OUT OUR MISSION. YOU NEED THE STRENGTH OF 100 MEN, THE SPEED OF THE WIND, AND IMMUNITY FROM WEAPONS OF MAN. THESE POWERS I NOW GIVE YOU!

THERE IS A BLINDING FLASH! AND GREAT CHANGE OVER JIM.

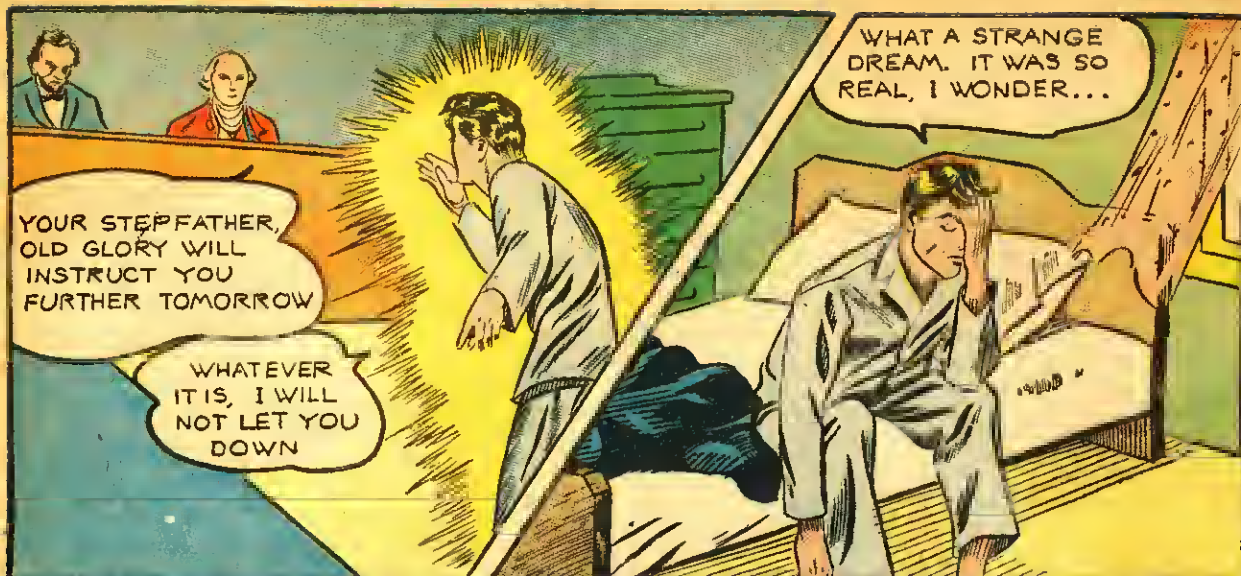


NOW YOU ARE READY. ALL YOU MUST DO TO ATTAIN SUPER-POWERS THAT WE HAVE BESTOWED UPON YOU IS TO TOUCH THE PATRIOTIC BIRTHMARK-- THEN WHEN YOU NEED THEM NO LONGER, TOUCH IT AGAIN AND YOU WILL BECOME AN ORDINARY MAN.



WHAT DO YOU WISH ME TO DO WITH THIS NEW POWER?





YOUR STEPFATHER,  
OLD GLORY WILL  
INSTRUCT YOU  
FURTHER TOMORROW

WHATEVER  
IT IS, I WILL  
NOT LET YOU  
DOWN

WHAT A STRANGE  
DREAM. IT WAS SO  
REAL, I WONDER...



IT- IT'S TRUE! I- I TOUCHED THE  
MARK AND IT HAPPENED. I- I  
CAN FEEL THE POWER



THEY TOLD ME I'D HAVE  
THE SPEED OF THE WIND.  
I'LL MAKE A TEST.



"AND THE STRENGTH  
OF A HUNDRED MEN"  
THAT OLD OAK HAS  
BEEN AN EYE SORE  
FOR A LONG TIME.

GOSH! THE THINGS  
I'LL BE ABLE TO DO  
WITH THIS POWER!





THEY WERE RIGHT  
IT WOULD TAKE AT  
LEAST A HUNDRED  
MEN TO DO THIS.



OLD GLORY! SOME-  
THING WONDERFUL HAS  
HAPPENED. MY DREAM WAS  
TRUE! LISTEN---

YOU HAVE BEEN ESPECIALLY SE-  
LECTED, JIM, TO FIGHT FOR OUR  
COUNTRY AND OUR FLAG, TO  
DEFEND AMERICA IN THESE TROUB-  
LED TIMES, AGAINST ALL ENEMIES.

AFTER JIM HAS RELATED ALL THAT HAS  
HAPPENED.

I KNOW WHAT THOSE  
PATRIOTS MEANT, SON.  
I KNOW WHAT  
THEY WANT  
YOU TO DO.

TELL ME,  
DAD.



THEN OLD GLORY QUICKLY MAKES A  
SPECIAL PATRIOTIC COSTUME FOR JIM.

YOU WILL OPERATE SECRETLY  
NO ONE MUST KNOW THAT  
YOU ARE JIM COURTNEY,  
SON OF THE OLD FLAG  
MAKER.

I'VE GOT A SWELL  
IDEA, DAD. I'LL CALL  
MYSELF THE FLAG

SO-AS THE FLAG, JIM GOES  
FORTH TO WAGE WAR AGAINST  
THOSE WHO SEEK TO DESTROY  
OUR COUNTRY.

TONIGHT  
THE FLAG  
CAPTURED  
A DANGER-  
OUS ARSON  
RING.

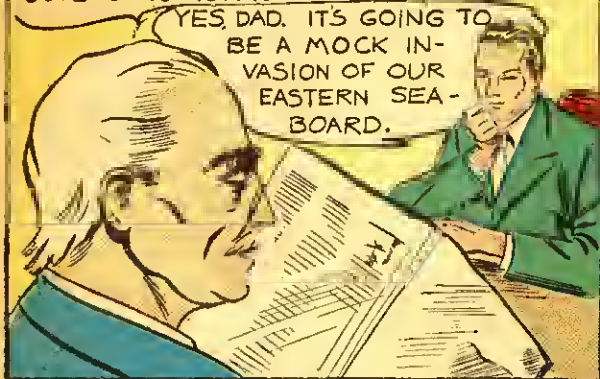




ONE NIGHT A FEW MONTHS LATER:

JIM, YOU SURE HAVE MADE A NAME FOR YOURSELF AS **THE FLAG** I SEE IN THE PAPER HERE THAT THEY'VE PICKED YOU TO UMPIRE THE BIG ARMY AND NAVY MAN-OUVERS TOMORROW.

YES DAD. IT'S GOING TO BE A MOCK IN-VASION OF OUR EASTERN SEA-BOARD.



IN ANOTHER SECTION OF THE CITY IN A SECRET CELLAR, OTHERS DISCUSS THE MORROW'S MOCK BATTLE.

WHAT A SURPRISE THESE PHONEY AMERICAN SOLDIERS AND SAILORS WILL HAVE.

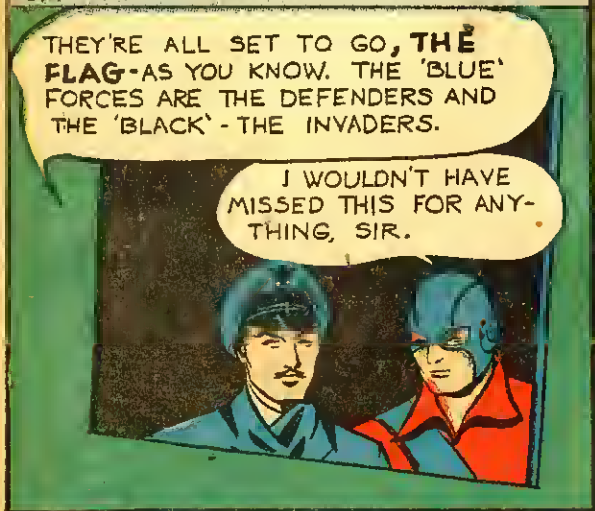
WE CAN'T FAIL. WE HAVE PLANNED FOR A MONTH.



THE NEXT DAY, ABOARD THE NEUTRAL "UMPIRE" SHIP-

THEY'RE ALL SET TO GO, **THE FLAG**-AS YOU KNOW. THE 'BLUE' FORCES ARE THE DEFENDERS AND THE 'BLACK'-THE INVADERS.

I WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED THIS FOR ANY-THING, SIR.



A FEW MINUTES LATER ON ONE OF THE 'BLUE' OFF SHORE PATROL BOATS

THREE ENEMY SUBS TWO POINTS OFF THE STAR-BOARD BOW!



THOSE ARE THE SUBS OF THE BLACK FORCE. THE WAR GAMES HAVE STARTED. I'D BETTER RADIO THIS INFORMATION TO OUR HEADQUARTERS.



THREE INVADING SUBS SIGHTED 75 MILES OFF ATLANTIC CITY. NOTIFY ALL FORTS AND BATTERIES!



A LITTLE FURTHER NORTH, OFF JONES' BEACH:

THERE'S ANOTHER SUBMARINE UNIT. SIGNAL THE AIRBASE.





HERE COMES THE ADVANCE AIR SQUADRON FOR THE BLACK FORCES



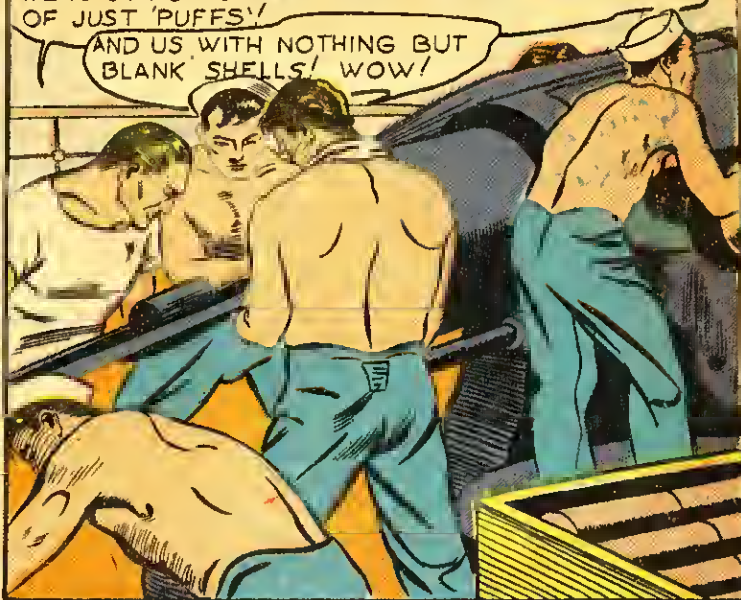
I'M MIGHTY GLAD THIS ISN'T THE REAL THING.

THE NEXT INSTANT BOMBS START FALLING FROM THE ENEMY PLANES OF THE 'BLACK' FORCES!



WOULDN'T THIS BE A SPOT IF THOSE ENEMY PLANES WERE GOING TO DROP REAL BOMBS INSTEAD OF JUST 'PUFFS'!

AND US WITH NOTHING BUT BLANK SHELLS! WOW!



EVERYTHING IS BEING CARRIED OFF FINE. AND DON'T THOSE 'PUFFS' LOOK REAL!

THEY SURE DO



HERE COMES THE NAVAL UNITS OF THE BLACK FORCES.



THEN AS THE BLACK FLEET DRAWS INTO CLOSE RANGE, THEY LET LOOSE A BROADSIDE.

DID YOU SEE THE FLASHES FROM THEIR GUNS? THEY LOOKED REAL.

THOSE SHOTS DIDN'T SOUND LIKE BLANKS—



LOOK! THOSE GEYSERS ARE CAUSED BY REAL SHELLS. SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG.

YOU'RE MAD! HOW COULD THERE BE ANYTHING WRONG?



I'M INCLINED TO AGREE WITH FLEMING. SOMETHING IS WRONG. WE SHOULD GET IN TOUCH---

TOSH! YOU FELLOWS ARE LETTING YOUR IMAGINATIONS RUN WILD





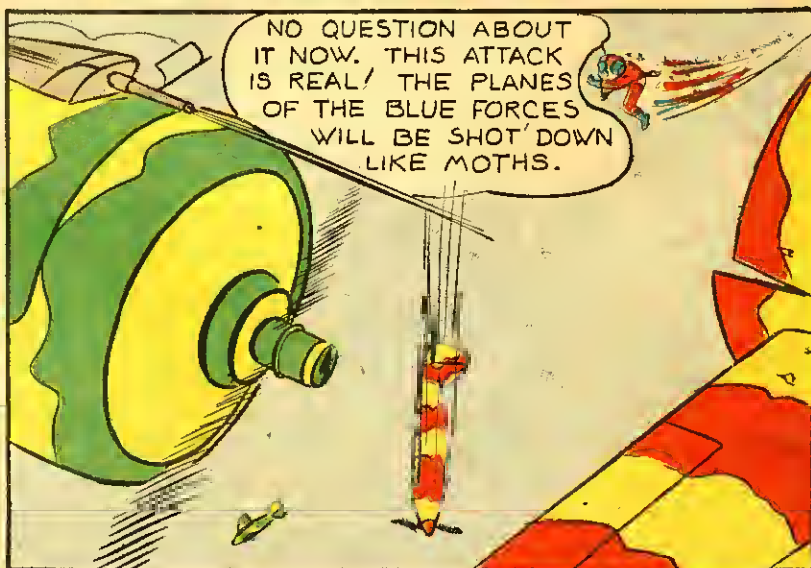
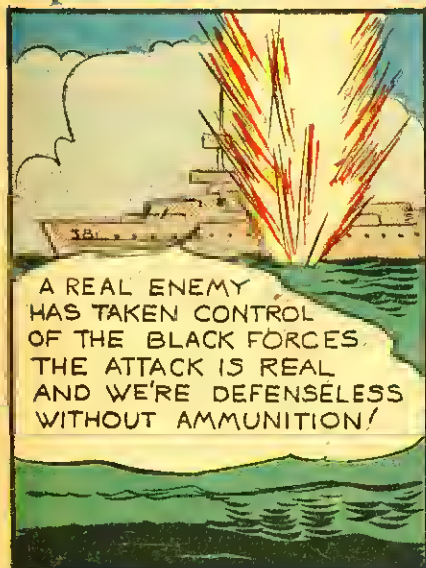
ENGROSSSED IN THEIR ARGUMENT, THE OFFICIALS  
DO NOT SEE THE FLAG ZOOM FROM THE BRIDGE

ABOARD THE FLAGSHIP OF THE  
BLACK ENEMY FLEET.

IF THERE'S  
ANYTHING  
WRONG,  
THERE'LL  
BE SOME  
SAD RESULTS  
IN A FEW  
MINUTES

LOOK, VALDEMAR!  
OUR GUNNERS HAFF  
FOUND DER RANGE

A DIRECT HIT! HOW SURPRISED THE  
AMERICAN FOOLS MUST BE.

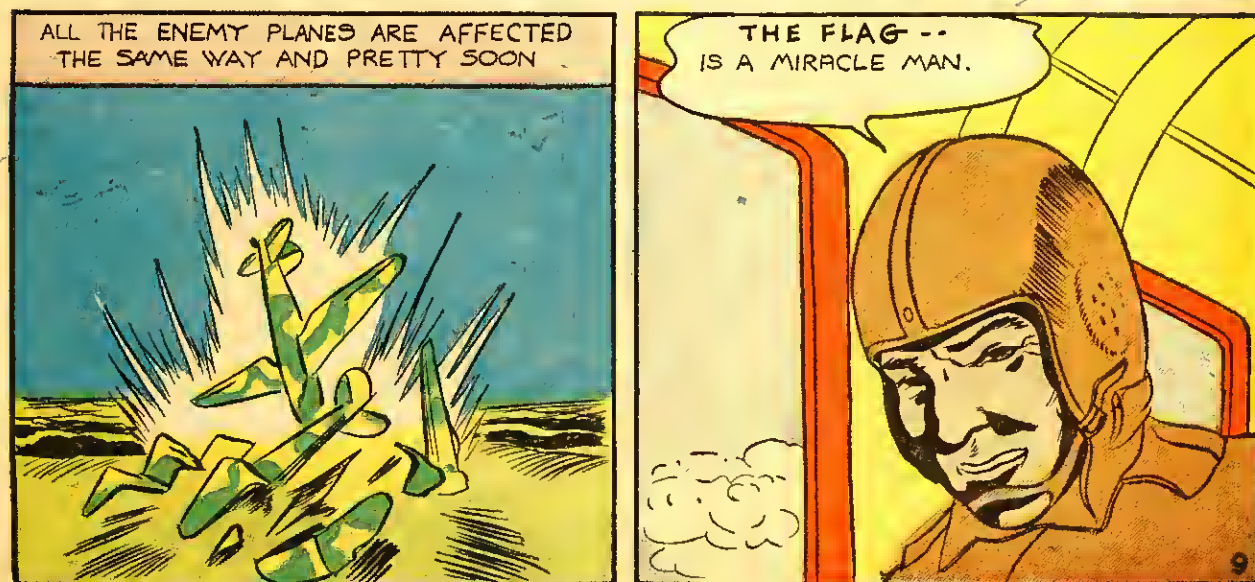
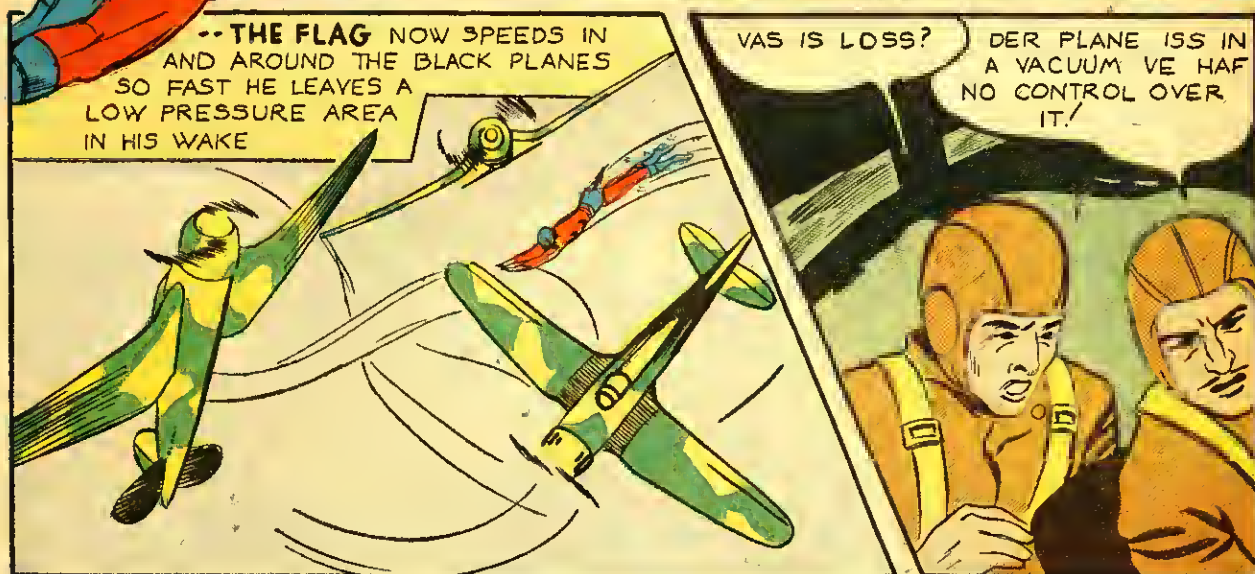
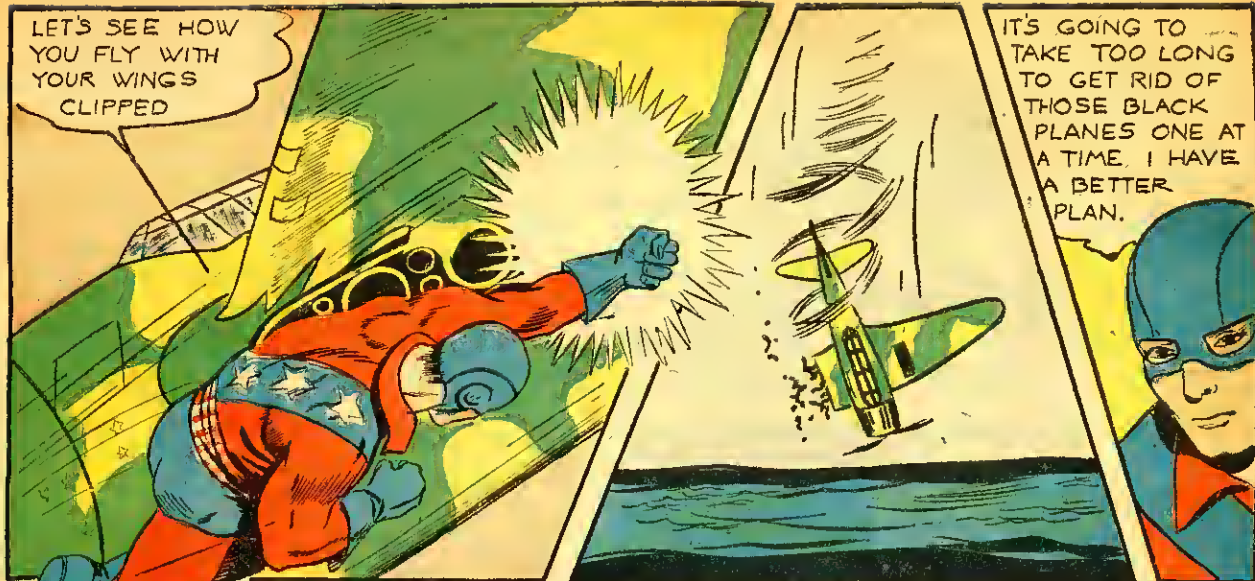


SHOOT AWAY, BOYS.  
NOTHING CAN PENE-  
TRATE THE PROTECT-  
IVE FIELD OF ELEC-  
TRICAL ENERGY WHICH  
SURROUNDS ME.

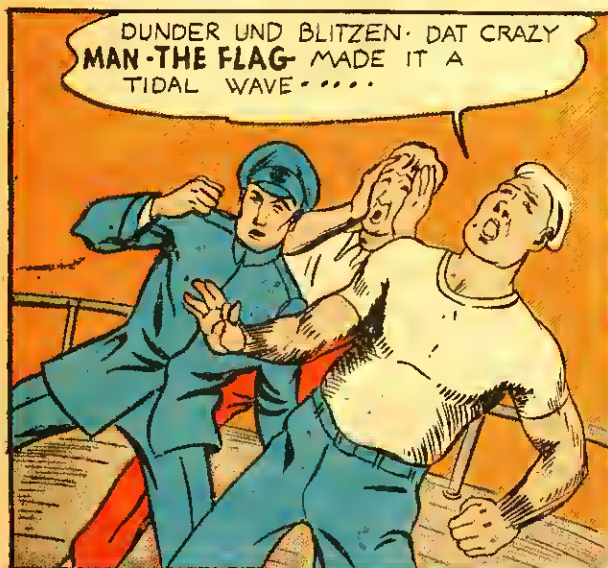
VE CANNOT SEEM  
TO KILL DOT MAD-  
MAN, THE FLAG

HE VILL DE-  
STROY US! ACH!













IT WILL BE EASY TO  
LAND ON DOT BIG BEACH  
UND INVADE HELPLESS  
NEW YORK CITY.

UND DER FOOL AMER-  
ICANS LET US SLIP RIGHT  
IN, THINKING VE VERE  
PART OF A MOCK BATTLE  
THEY VERE PLANNING



OUT OF DER VAY, SVINE!  
VEN VE TAKE OVER, ALL VOMEN  
UND CHILDREN VILL BE  
KEPT IN DER HOME



PARACHUTE TROOPS!  
WE WON'T STAND  
A CHANCE.

MERCY  
ON US!



DER AMERICAN  
GIRLS ARE VERY  
PRETTY. COME!  
GIF DER NAZI  
HERO A KISS!



HERE'S A KISS FOR  
YOU-DEARIE!



HOW DO YOU LIKE  
THIS LITTLE BEACH PARTY  
HEINIES?

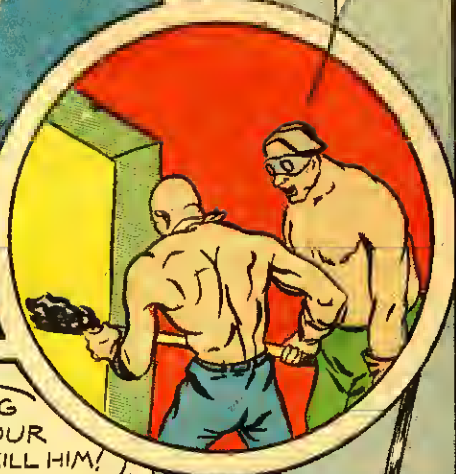
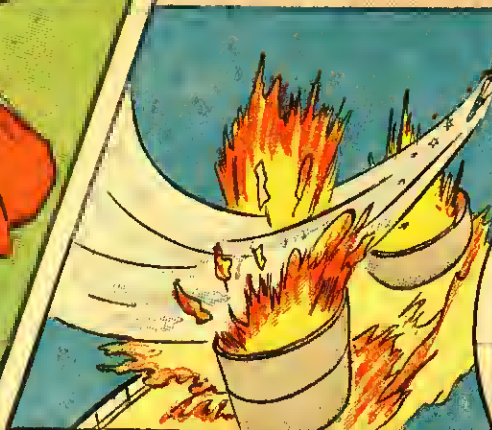
HELLUP!



NOW TO PUT THESE  
DESTROYERS  
OUT OF  
COMMISSION!

AT TERRIFIC SPEED, THE  
FLAG FLIES OVER THE  
SMOKE STACKS OF THE  
DESTROYERS CREATING  
A TERRIFIC VACCUUM.

DUNNER VETTER!  
SOMEBODY HAS  
STOLEN OUR BOILER  
FIRES. VE CAN  
NOT MOVE.



AH! A BUNCH OF  
AERIAL MUSHROOMS  
MORE FUN!

HE IS TRYING  
TO FOLD UP OUR  
PARACHUTES. KILL HIM!

IT ISS LIKE  
SHOOTING DER  
VIND. HE ISS  
TOO FAST.

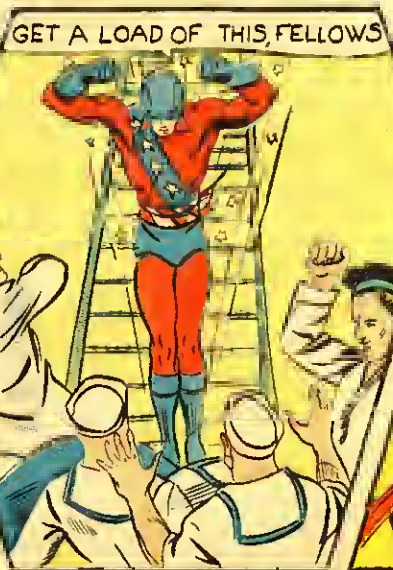


NOTHING LIKE A  
LITTLE VACUUM  
CLEANING TO TAKE  
CARE OF THOSE  
MUGS!

THAT TAKES CARE OF  
THINGS IN THIS SECTOR.  
I'D BETTER HEAD OUT TO  
SEA AND FIND THE HEAD-  
QUARTERS OF THESE  
INVADING FORCES AND  
LEARN WHAT HAPPEN-  
ED TO THE REAL  
BLACK FORCE.









THE FLAG IS QUICKLY BOUND AND -

INTO DER BRIG MIT HIM  
MIT DOT AMERICAN  
SAILOR VE CAPTURED

THE FLAG  
FOOEY- HE  
ISN'T SO  
TOUGH!

IT'S NO USE. I CAN'T  
GET MY POWER BACK  
WITH MY HANDS TIED

NO- I GUESS  
WE'RE DONE FOR

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT  
THAT. I'VE GOT AN IDEA  
IF YOU CAN WORK YOUR  
WAY OVER CLOSE  
TO ME

OKAY!

NOW REACH UP YOUR  
HANDS AND TOUCH  
THIS BIRTHMARK ON  
MY CHEST!

SOUNDS SCREWY  
BUT I'LL TRY ANYTHING

HEY! SOME-SOME  
THING'S HAPPENING  
TO ME.

SURE! IT  
WORKED. YOU  
HAVE THE SU-  
PER POWERS.  
NOW BURST  
YOUR BONDS

WOW! DO I FEEL STRONG!  
BRING ON THE WHOLE  
NAZI NAVY!

THEN THE SAILOR FREES **THE FLAG**- TOUCHES HIS  
BIRTHMARK- AND BECOMES AN ORDINARY HUMAN.

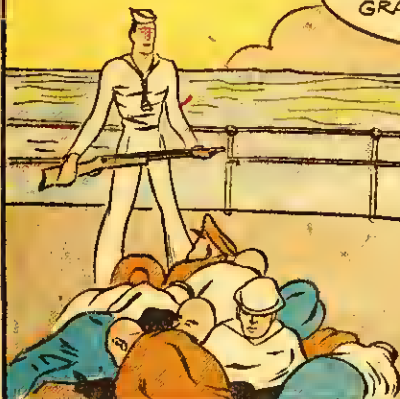
AH- IT'S GOOD TO HAVE  
MY POWERS BACK!

I WISH YOU'D LET ME  
KEEP THEM. I'D  
HAVE HAD FUN!



IN A FEW MINUTES - WITH THE HELP OF THE AMERICAN SAILOR - **THE FLAG** SUBDUES THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE NAZI FLAGSHIP.

GUARD THESE BABIES WHILE I HIT FOR THE RADIO ROOM WE'RE GOING TO PULL A GRAND SLAM.

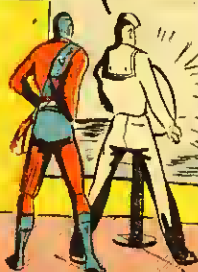


ALL INVADING UNITS RETURN TO DER FLAGSHIP AT VUNCE....  
DER ISS TROUBLE HERE. HURRY!



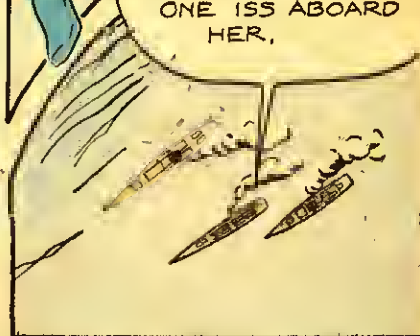
THAT PHONEY NAZI ACCENT SHOULD DO THE TRICK. WHEN THOSE UNITS GET HERE, THEY'LL FIND THEMSELVES TRAPPED!

OKAY - THE FLAG -  
--- AS YOU SAID  
I ORDERED OUR  
SUBMARINE FLEET  
OUT HERE AT ONCE.



A HALF HOUR LATER:

VAT ISS GOING ON HERE? VE GET ORDERS TO COME BACK TO DER FLAGSHIP UND NOW NO ONE ISS ABOARD HER.



LOOK - AMERICAN SUBMARINES VE SAILED RIGHT INTO DER TRAP DAS ISS UNFAIR!

VE ARE CAUGHT.  
IF VE MOVE, VE VILL BE TORPEDOED.  
ACH!

MEANWHILE: THE FLAG SPEEDS EVEN FURTHER OUT TO SEA UNTIL HE SEES

THE REAL AMERICAN BLACK FLEET! PRISONERS!

HERE GOES ANOTHER SUCTION





**- THE FLAG SWEEPS UP A SOLID WALL OF WATER.**

GET READY FOR  
A BATH, NAZIS



IT'S THE FLAG MIT DER  
BIG VALL OF VATER!  
VE ARE LOST!



SO THERE IT IS!



THAT WAS A SWELL  
TRICK, YOU PLAYED--

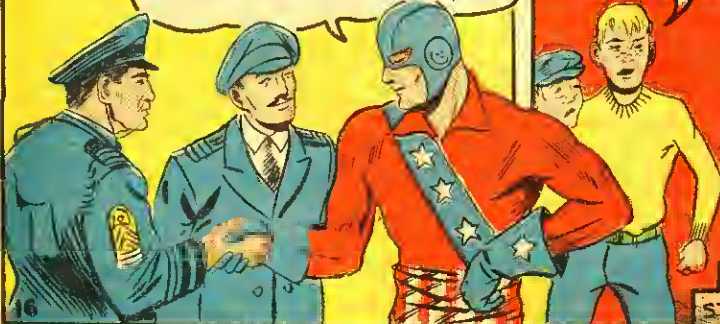
THE NAZIS DIDN'T  
THINK SO MUCH  
OF IT.



A LITTLE LATER - BACK ON THE UMPIRE SHIP

THE FAKE INVASION WOULD HAVE BEEN  
THE REAL THING - AND A SUCCESS IF IT  
HADN'T BEEN FOR **THE FLAG**--

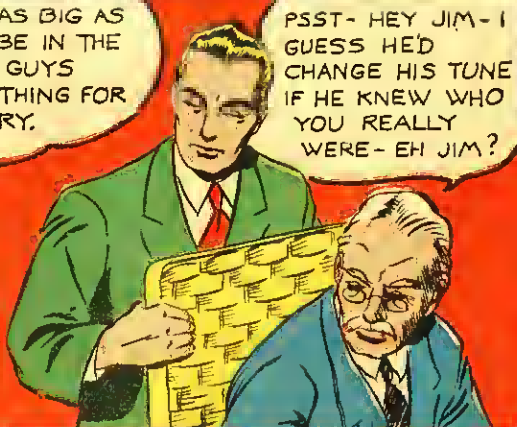
WE COULDN'T LET THAT SWA-  
STIKA FLY OVER AMERICAN  
SOIL EVEN FOR A MOMENT, SIR!



HIS JOB DONE FOR THE MOMENT, **THE FLAG** RE-  
TURNS TO HIS HOME AND AGAIN BECOMES JIM.

GEE, IF I WAS AS BIG AS  
THAT GUY, I'D BE IN THE  
ARMY. SOME GUYS  
NEVER DO ANYTHING FOR  
THEIR COUNTRY.

PSST- HEY JIM - I  
GUESS HE'D  
CHANGE HIS TUNE  
IF HE KNEW WHO  
YOU REALLY  
WERE - EH JIM?

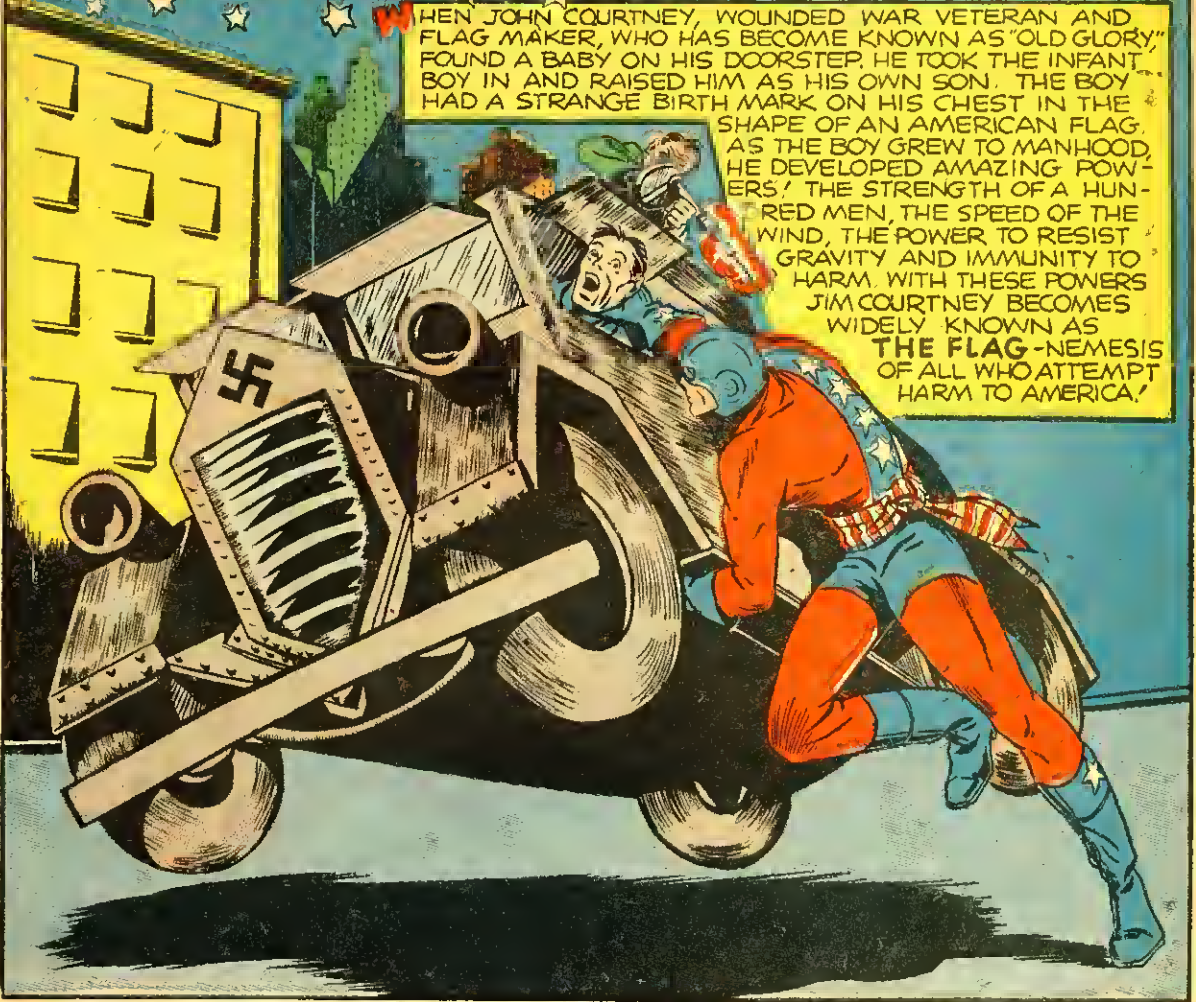


BE SURE TO READ THE OTHER SMASH  
STORY OF **THE FLAG** - STARTING ON NEXT PAGE.



# THE FLAG

WHEN JOHN COURTNEY, WOUNDED WAR VETERAN AND FLAG MAKER, WHO HAS BECOME KNOWN AS 'OLD GLORY,' FOUND A BABY ON HIS DOORSTEP. HE TOOK THE INFANT BOY IN AND RAISED HIM AS HIS OWN SON. THE BOY HAD A STRANGE BIRTH MARK ON HIS CHEST IN THE SHAPE OF AN AMERICAN FLAG. AS THE BOY GREW TO MANHOOD, HE DEVELOPED AMAZING POWERS! THE STRENGTH OF A HUNDRED MEN, THE SPEED OF THE WIND, THE POWER TO RESIST GRAVITY AND IMMUNITY TO HARM. WITH THESE POWERS JIM COURTNEY BECOMES WIDELY KNOWN AS **THE FLAG** - NEMESIS OF ALL WHO ATTEMPT HARM TO AMERICA!

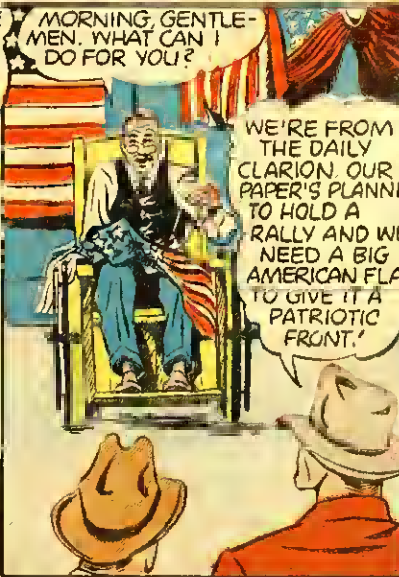


THERE'S THE SHOP OF THAT FLAG MAKER KNOWN AS OLD GLORY!

WE'LL GIVE THE OLD BUZZARD A BREAK AND LET HIM HAVE THE BUSINESS!



MORNING, GENTLEMEN. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?



WE'RE FROM THE DAILY CLARION. OUR PAPER'S PLANNING TO HOLD A RALLY AND WE'LL NEED A BIG AMERICAN FLAG TO GIVE IT A PATRIOTIC FRONT!

WE WANT THE CHEAPEST FLAG YOU CAN MAKE. WE DON'T CARE IF IT'S CHEESE CLOTH AS LONG AS IT DOESN'T COST MUCH!





YOU'VE COME TO THE WRONG PLACE. I DON'T MAKE CHEAP FLAGS. THE AMERICAN FLAG IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IN THE WORLD. IT DESERVES NOTHING BUT THE BEST OF MATERIALS. YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED TO MAKE SUCH A REQUEST!

OHO! LISTEN TO HIM. NO WONDER THEY CALL HIM OLD GLORY!

YOU SEEM TO THINK AMERICA'S PRETTY WONDERFUL, EH, OLD TIMER?

I DON'T THINK IT. I KNOW IT!

READ THIS, OLD FELLA, IF YOU THINK AMERICA IS SO WONDERFUL. THE CLARION, HERE, TELLS THE TRUTH!

WHAT IS IT?

THE CLARION  
AMERICA TOO WEAK TO FIGHT  
MUST STAY OUT OF EUROPEAN  
AFFAIRS TO BE SAFE!  
READ THE CLARION'S  
AMAZING AND EX-  
CLUSIVE EXPOSE OF  
AMERICA'S MILITARY  
WEAKNESS. WE  
CAN'T DARE TO  
FIGHT!

THIS PAPER IS JUST LYING PROPAGANDA! GET OUT OF MY SHOP! GET OUT YOU FOOLS!

THE OLD BUZZARD'S GONE NUTS! SCRAM! QUICK!

CHEAP FLAG, INDEED! AMERICA WEAK! POSH! I'M GOING DOWN AND SEE WHAT KIND OF NEWS-PAPER PRINTS SUCH ROT!

HERE'S THAT PHONEY PATRIOT THEY CALL OLD GLORY. WONDER WHAT HE WANTS?

I WANT TO SEE THE EDITOR!

A HALF HOUR LATER AT THE OFFICE OF THE CLARION.



--AND YOU MUST STOP PRINTING STUFF LIKE THAT. IT'S THE SORT OF TALK THAT MADE OTHER DEMOCRACIES FALL. YOU'RE PLAYING RIGHT INTO HITLER'S HAND!

LISTEN, GUY, WE CHOOSE! SCRAM!

GET THAT OLD FOSSIL OUT OF HERE! I'M BUSY!

IF YOU DON'T LISTEN TO ME YOUR PAPER'S LIES MAY BREAK THE MORALE OF THE WHOLE COUNTRY!

WE'LL GIVE HIM THE BUM'S RUSH, CHIEF!

DON'T LET THEM THROW THAT POOR OLD MAN OUT, CHIEF. LET HIM HAVE HIS SAY, MAYBE HE HAS SOMETHING THERE

BACK TO YOUR DESK, SOB SISTER, I'M RUNNING THIS DEPARTMENT!

WOW! LOOK AT THE OLD CODGER BOUNCE!

SAY, CHIEF, THAT SOB SISTER, SALLY BLAIR JUST QUIT!

WHAT? THE LITTLE SOFTIE. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HER LATER, SHE KNOWS TOO MUCH!

YOU BRUTES! TREATING AN OLD MAN AND AN INVALID LIKE THAT. I REFUSE TO WORK WITH RATS LIKE YOU! I QUIT!

CITY EDITOR

YOU POOR OLD DEAR. ARE YOU HURT BAD?

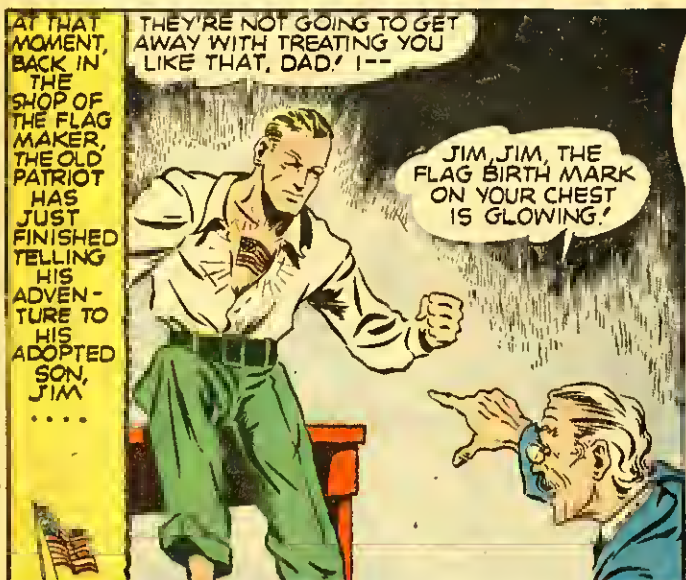
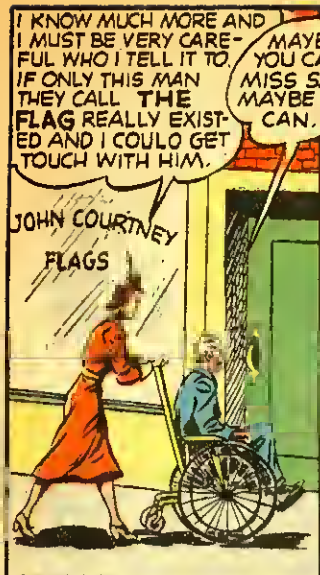
NO, MISS. IT TAKES MORE THAN A TRAITOROUS PACK OF JACKALS LIKE THAT TO GET OLD GLORY DOWN!

YOU KNOW, OLD GLORY, THE CLARION ISN'T THE ONLY NEWS-PAPER SPREADING PROPAGANDA. THERE'S A WHOLE CHAIN!

THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING. THE OWNER OF THE CHAIN, HERMAN FOXSON, IS USING HIS NEWSPAPERS FOR A PROGRAM TO BREAK UP AMERICA'S DEFENSE PROGRAM!

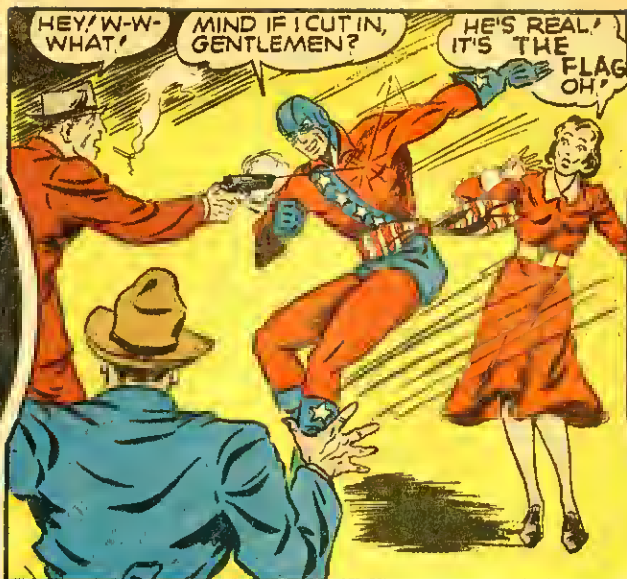
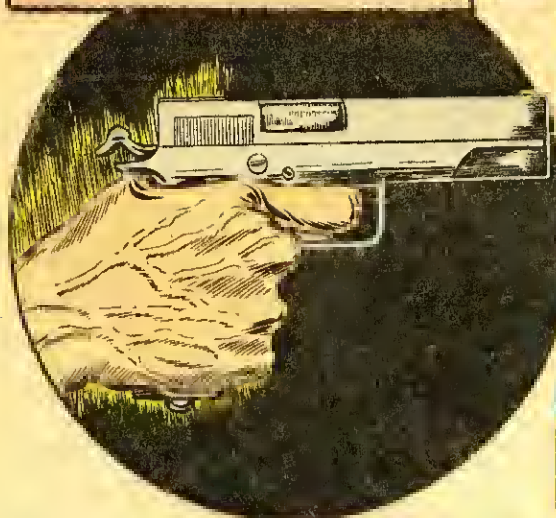
WHAT'S THE IDEA BEHIND THE CAMPAIGN, SALLY?







RELENTLESSLY, PITILESSLY, THE MURDERER'S FINGER MUSCLES CONTACT AROUND THE TRIGGER OF THE DEADLY AUTOMATIC.



HEY! W-W-WHAT!

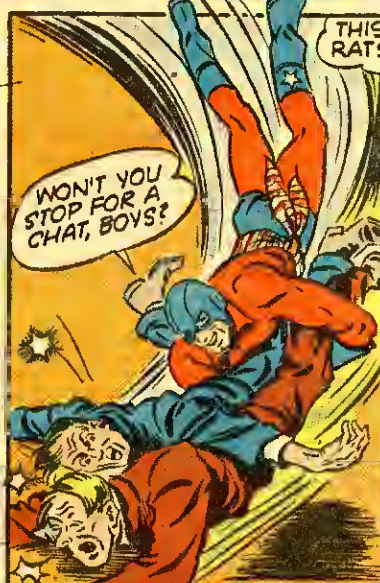
MIND IF I CUT IN, GENTLEMEN?

HE'S REAL! IT'S THE FLAG OH!

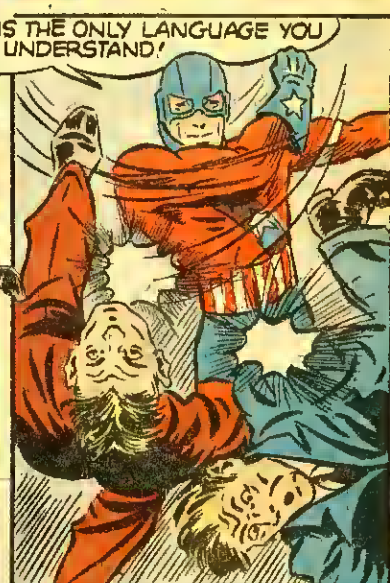


RUN! I'VE HEARD ABOUT THIS GUY-HE CAN'T BE LICKED!

WHAT'S THE HURRY?



WON'T YOU STOP FOR A CHAT, BOYS?



THIS IS THE ONLY LANGUAGE YOU RATS UNDERSTAND!



NOW, MISS BLAIR, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE AND HAVE A TALK. YOUR PLACE IS KIND OF LITTERED UP SORRY TO HAVE HAD TO CRASH THROUGH YOUR WINDOW THAT WAY!

OH, THE FLAG! I DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE REAL AND HERE YOU HAVE SAVED MY LIFE.



SALLY BLAIR TELLS THE FLAG HER STORY AND THEN---

NOT ONLY THAT, BUT THE EDITOR, KAGLE, IS AN ESCAPED BANK ROBBER WANTED BY THE POLICE!

WE CAN'T HAVE MEN LIKE THAT RUNNING NEWSPAPERS, SALLY!





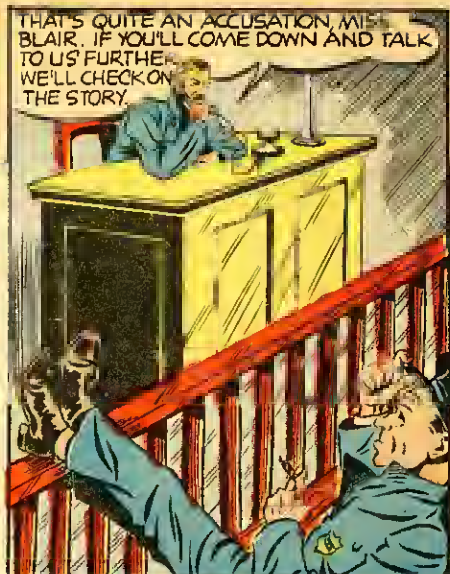
YOU GO INTO THIS STORE AND TELEPHONE THAT INFORMATION ABOUT KAGLE TO THE POLICE. THEY'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM. I'LL CHECK ON FOXSON!

ALLRIGHT- I'M NOT AFRAID WITH YOU HELPING ME!



THE FLAG BECOMES JIM COURTNEY ONCE MORE AND GOES TO THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

THIS "WHO'S WHO" OUGHT T TELL ME ABOUT FOXSON!



THAT'S QUITE AN ACCUSATION, MISS BLAIR. IF YOU'LL COME DOWN AND TALK TO US FURTHER, WE'LL CHECK ON THE STORY.



COME TO THINK OF IT, IT WOULD TAKE SOMEBODY LIKE AN ESCAPED CONVICT TO PRINT THE UN-AMERICAN STUFF THE CLARION'S BEEN PRINTING LATELY, IF THAT GIRL IS RIGHT--

THE POLICE CHECK THOROUGHLY AND FIND OUT THAT SALLY BLAIR IS RIGHT. KAGLE, THE CLARION'S EDITOR IS AN ESCAPED CONVICT



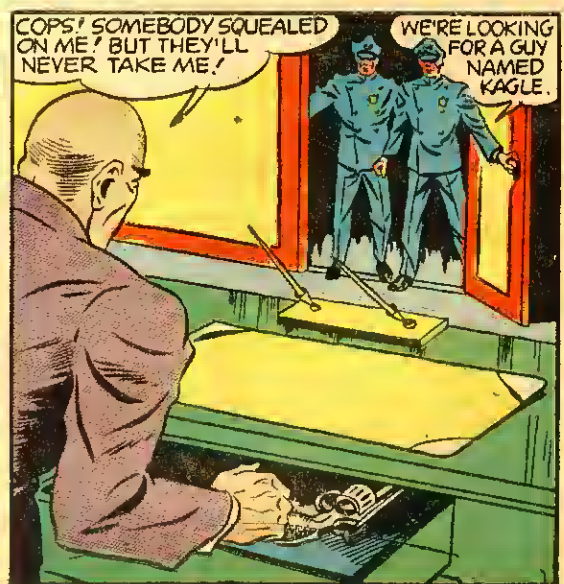
THE CITY OWES YOU A BIG DEBT MISS BLAIR. I'M SENDING A COUPLE OF MEN DOWN TO ARREST KAGLE, RIGHT NOW!.

THEY BETTER BE WELL ARMED. THAT'S A TOUGH BUNCH DOWN THERE!



THIS KAGLE BETTER NOT GET TOUGH. HE HAS ENOUGH OF A RAP AGAINST HIM, ALREADY!

WE'LL BRING HIM IN ALL RIGHT!



COPS! SOMEBODY SQUEALED ON ME, BUT THEY'LL NEVER TAKE ME!

WE'RE LOOKING FOR A GUY NAMED KAGLE.





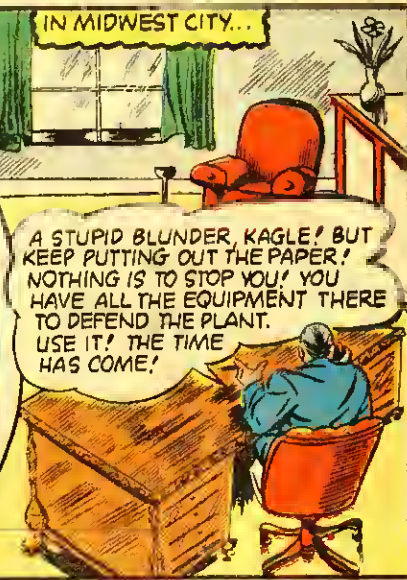
NOW I'VE DONE IT! OPERATOR! OPERATOR! GET ME FOXSON'S PRIVATE LINE IN MIDWEST CITY!

FOXSON, I JUST KILLED TWO COPS HERE IN THE OFFICE! THEY LEARNED ABOUT ME AND CAME TO PICK ME UP. WHAT DO I DO NOW?



IN MIDWEST CITY...

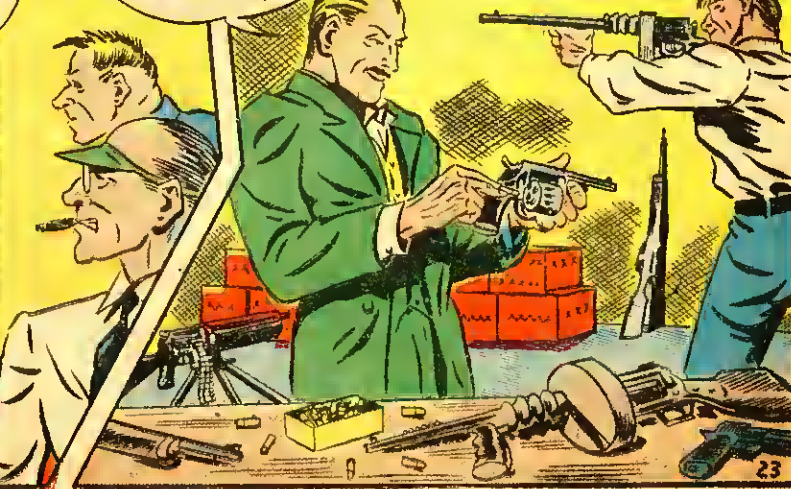
A STUPID BLUNDER, KAGLE! BUT KEEP PUTTING OUT THE PAPER! NOTHING IS TO STOP YOU! YOU HAVE ALL THE EQUIPMENT THERE TO DEFEND THE PLANT. USE IT! THE TIME HAS COME!



BREAK OUT THE GUNS, BOYS! THE JIG'S UP! THE POLICE WILL BE SWARMING OUT HERE SOON AND WE'VE GOT TO KEEP THEM FROM GETTING IN!

THIS PLANT IS A FORTRESS AND AN ARSENAL. LET'S SEE 'EM TRY TO STOP US PUTTING OUT THIS PAPER!

YEAH, AND SOON EVERYTHING WILL BE RUNNING OUR WAY!



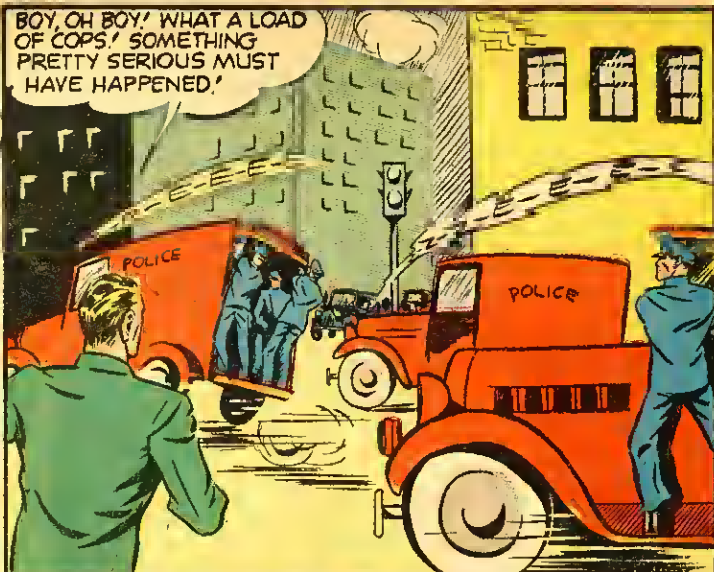


AFTER SEARCHING THROUGH FILES OF INFORMATION, JIM COURTNEY LEAVES THE LIBRARY.

THE MAN, FOXSON, WHO OWNS THE CLARION IS SURE A BIG SHOT. HE ALSO OWNS THE HUGE MASTER MOTOR CORP., USED TO BE A SENATOR AND -



BOY, OH BOY! WHAT A LOAD OF COPS! SOMETHING PRETTY SERIOUS MUST HAVE HAPPENED.

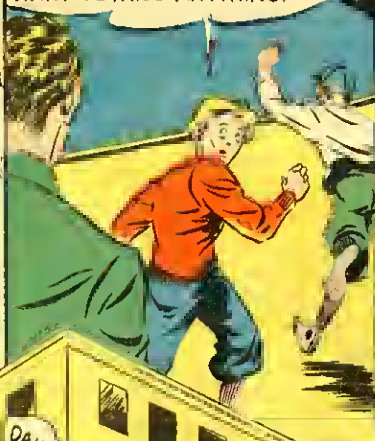


HEY, SON, WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHERE ARE ALL THESE POLICE EMERGENCY SQUADS HEADING?

WHERE'VE YOU BEEN, MISTER? DIDN'T YOU HEAR?



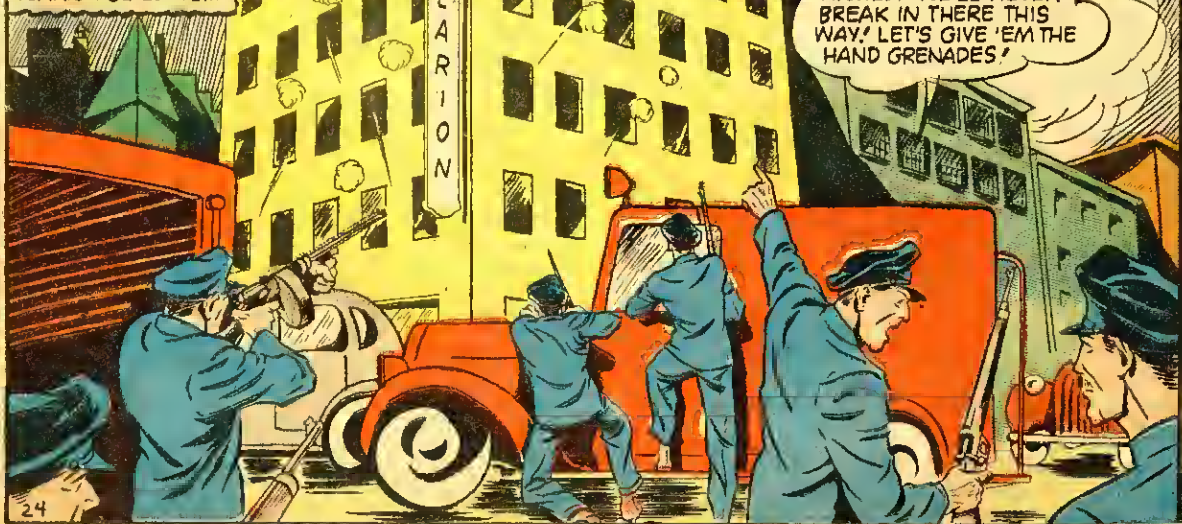
THERE'S A BIG FIGHT DOWN AT THE CLARION PLANT. COPS TRIED TO ARREST THE EDITOR AND THE WHOLE STAFF GRABBED GUNS, AND - - BUT I GOTTA GO. DON'T WANT TO MISS ANYTHING!



I'D BETTER BECOME THE FLAG AND SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

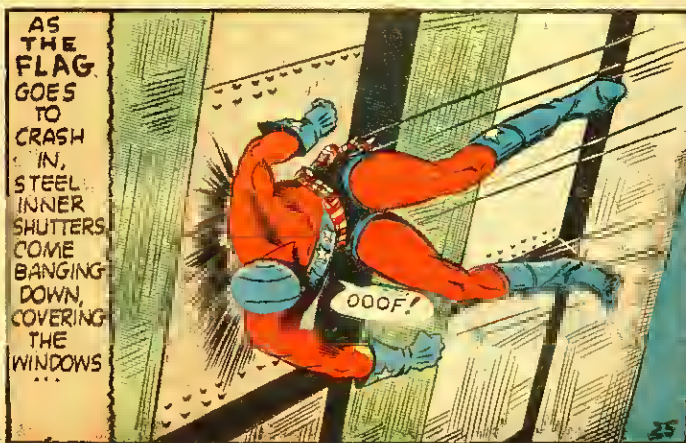
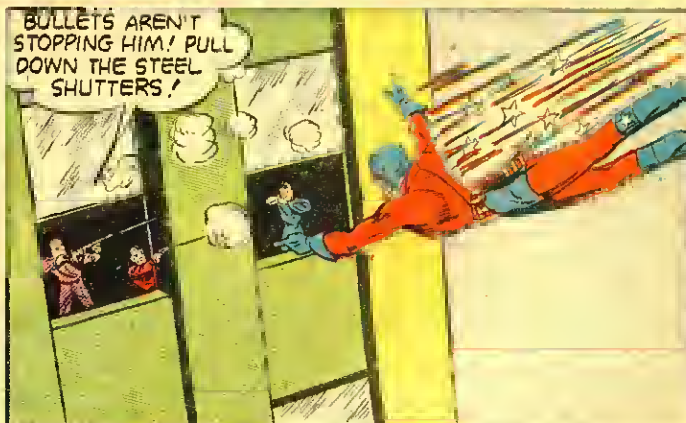
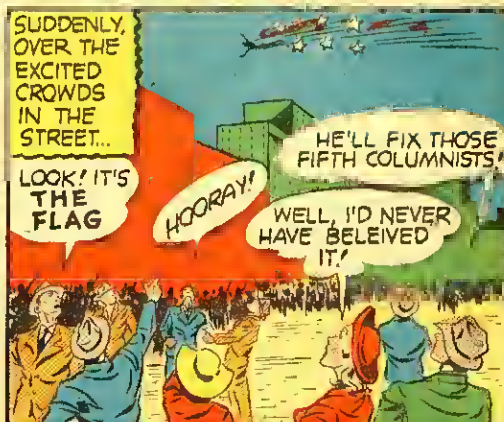
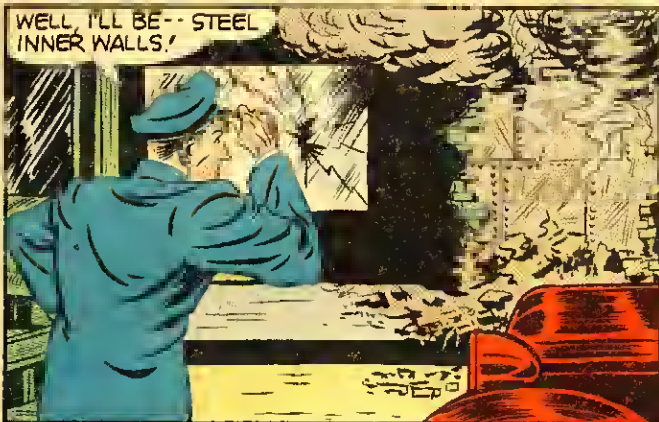
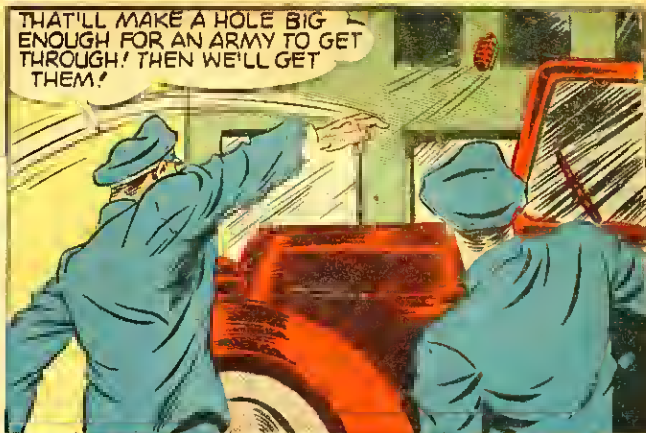


MEANWHILE AT THE CLARION BUILDING...



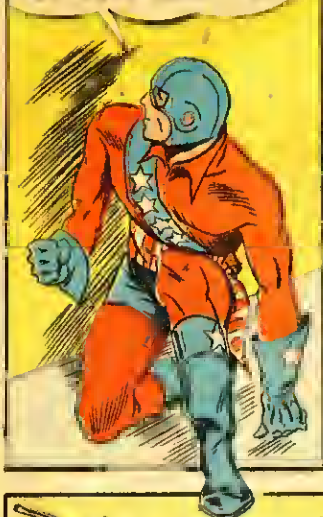
THEY'RE TOO WELL ARMED! WE'LL NEVER BREAK IN THERE THIS WAY! LET'S GIVE 'EM THE HAND GRENADES!







WOW! SOME DROP BUT WINNING THAT LITTLE TRICK WON'T HELP THEM. NOW TO SEE HOW STRONG THEIR FORTRESS REALLY IS!



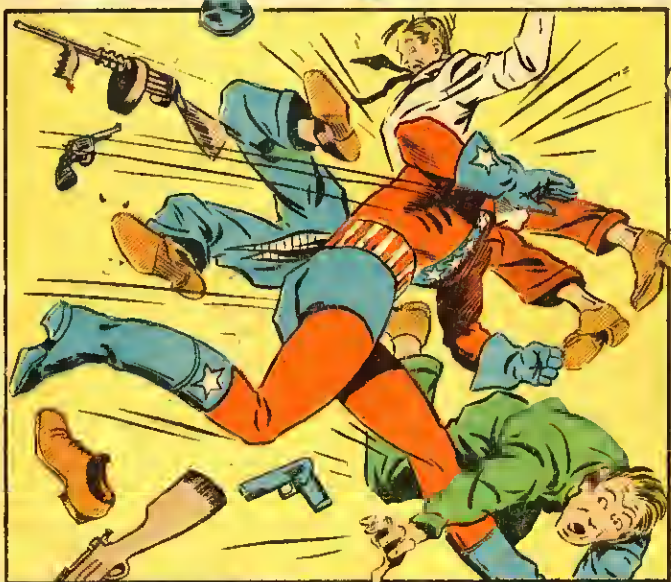
WITH UNBELIEVABLE STRENGTH, THE FLAG ATTACKS A STEEL DOOR.



NO "WELCOME" ON THE DOOR-MAT BUT I'M GOING IN!



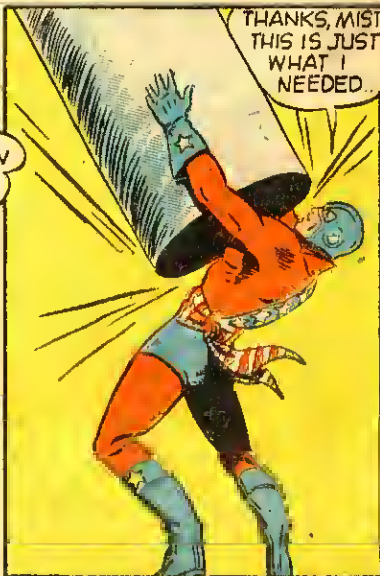
A FINE WAY TO GREET ME!



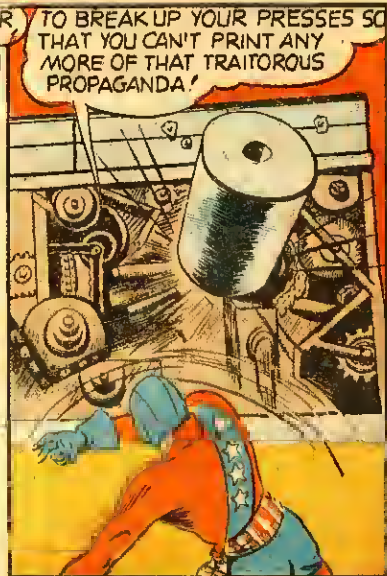
I'LL FIX THAT FLAG-WAYER. THIS ROLLER WILL MASH HIM TO A PULP!



LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE THAT, MISTER FLAG.

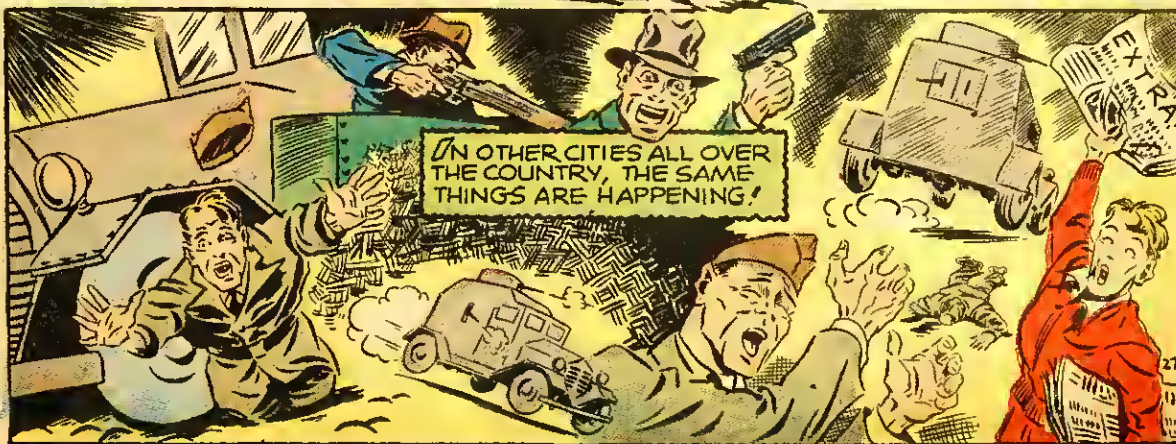
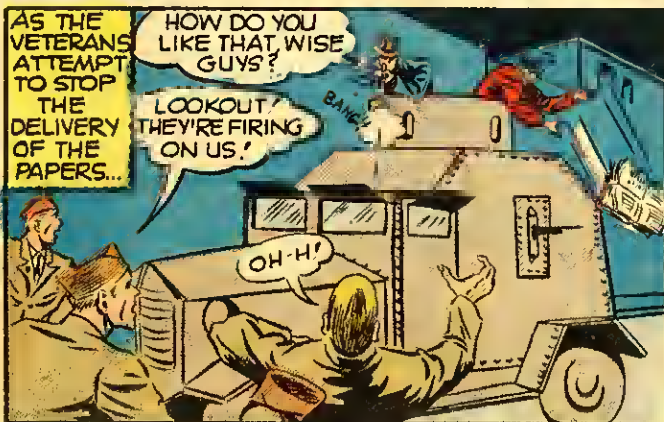
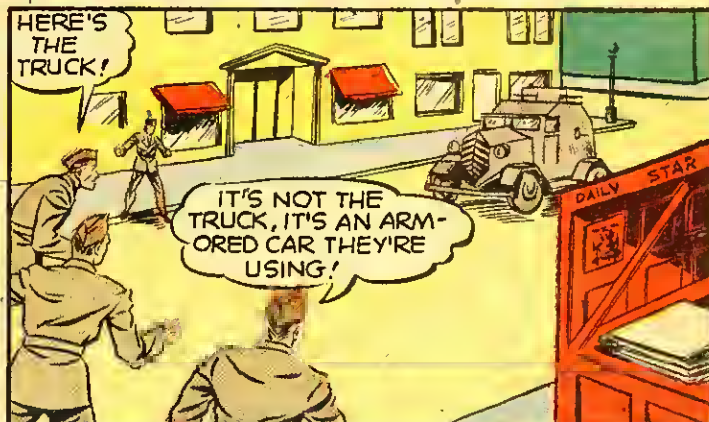
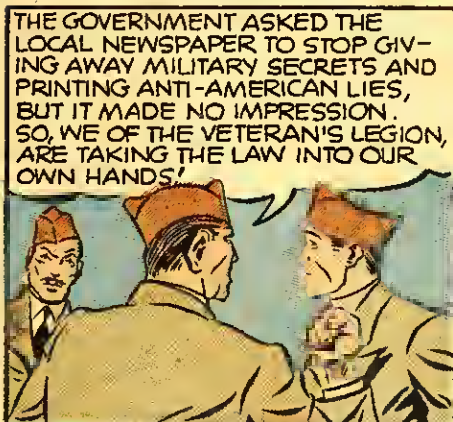
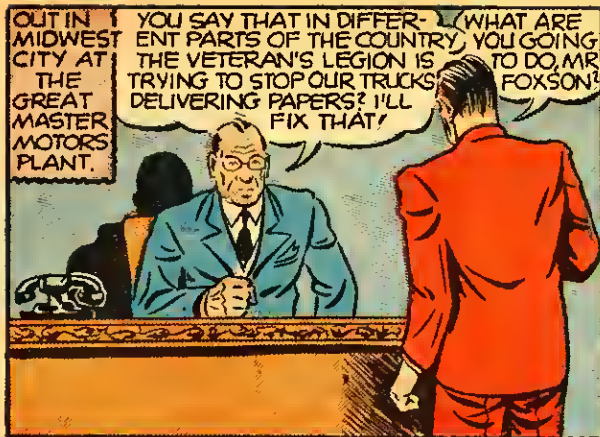


THANKS, MISTER THIS IS JUST WHAT I NEEDED.

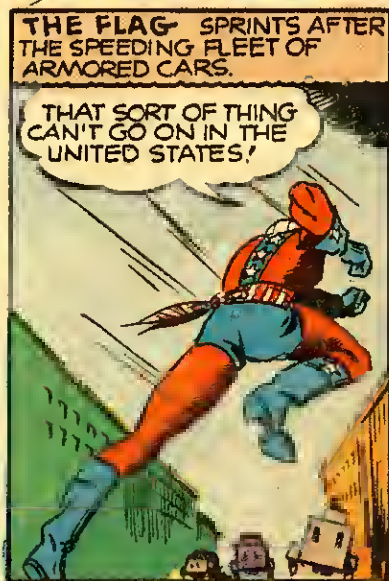
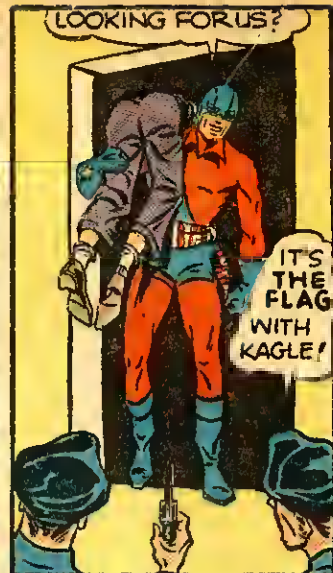
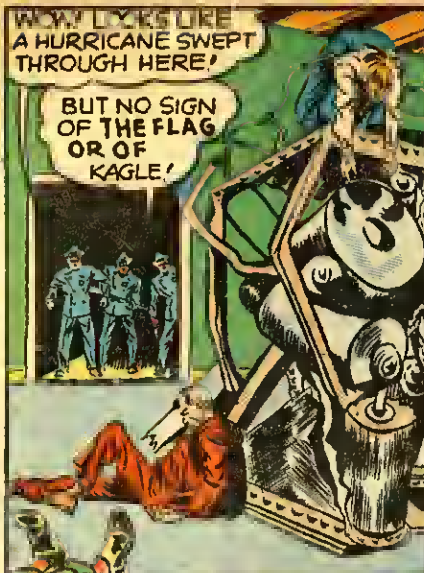
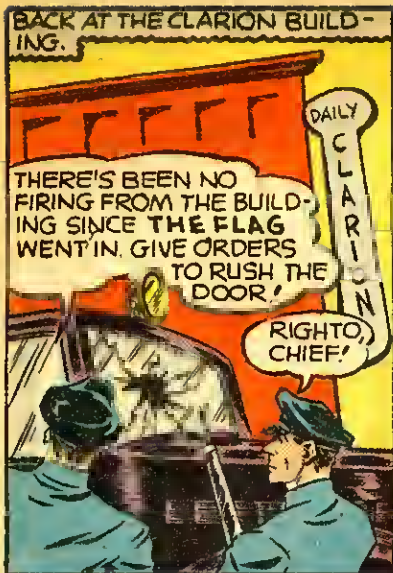


TO BREAK UP YOUR PRESSES SO THAT YOU CAN'T PRINT ANY MORE OF THAT TRAITOROUS PROPAGANDA!

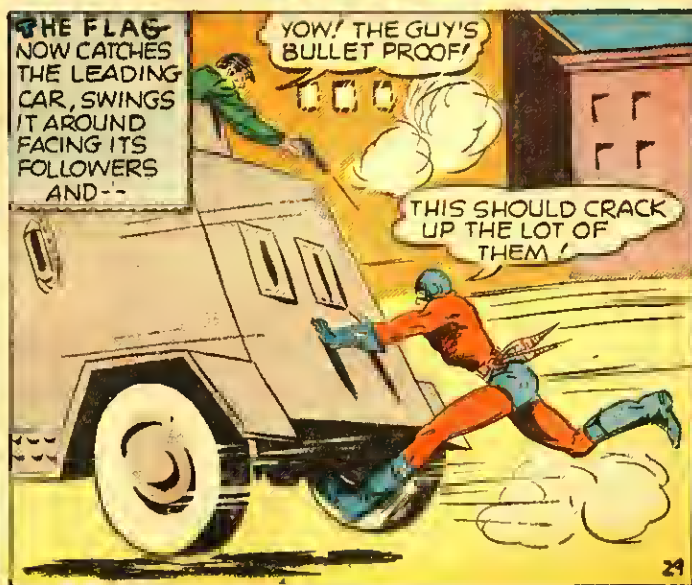
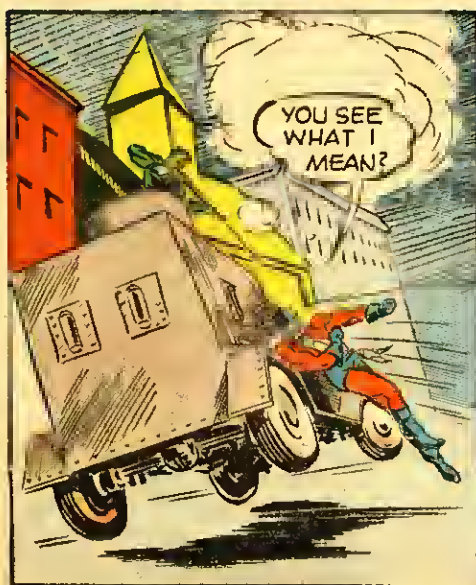
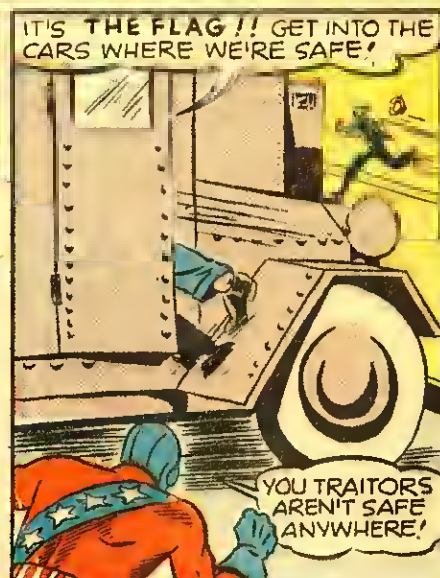






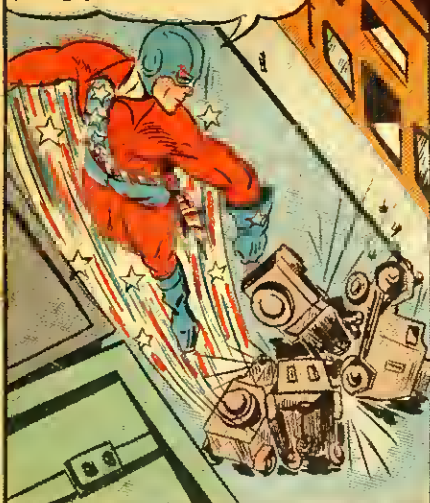








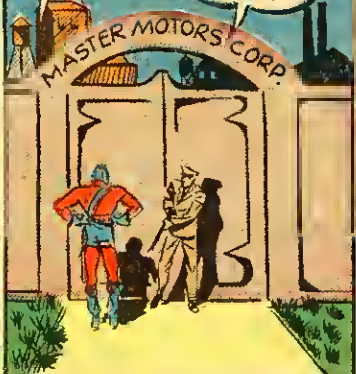
SORRY I COULDN'T STAY  
AND GIVE YOU EACH A  
PERSONAL TREATMENT.



SPEEDING ONWARD--THE  
FLAG SOON REACHES HIS DES-  
TINATION IN MIDWEST CITY.

I WISH  
TO SEE MR.  
FOXSON.

HE AIN'T SEEING NO  
BODY TODAY, FANCY-  
PANTS, AND NO HANG-  
ING AROUND. BEAT  
IT!



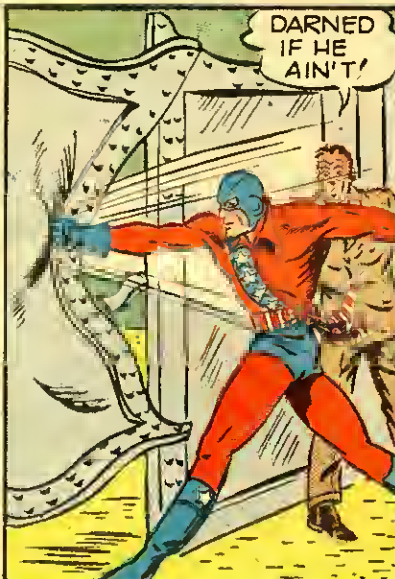
FOXSON'S HAV- AND I SAY  
ING A VISITOR, YOU'RE NOT,  
MY FRIEND, SCREWBALL!  
I'M GOING JUST BECAUSE  
IN! YOU'RE DECKED  
OUT LIKE THIS NUT,  
THE FLAG--



I AM THE  
FLAG, STUPID!



HUH!



DARNED  
IF HE  
AIN'T!



SOME PLANT  
FOXSON HAS  
THERE. WHAT A BIG  
HELP HE COULD BE  
TO THE DEFENSE  
PROGRAM!

AT THIS POINT HERMAN FOXSON'S OFFICE...

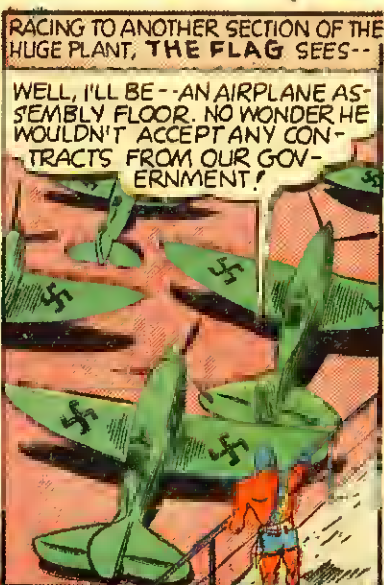
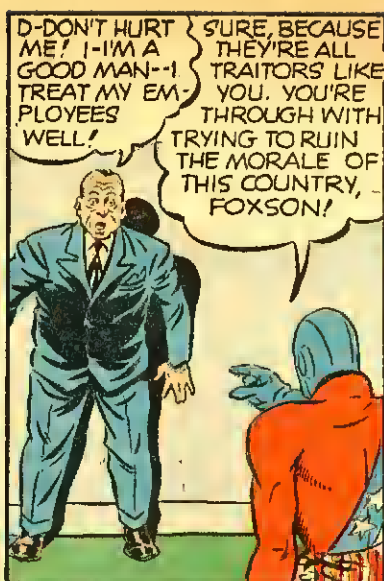


REPETITION OF LIES, THAT'S  
WHAT DOES IT. IF MY PAPERS  
KEEP TELLING THE PEOPLE  
THAT OUR GOVERNMENT  
IS NO GOOD AND THE  
COUNTRY TOO WEAK  
TO RESIST, THEY'LL  
COME TO BELIEVE  
IT!

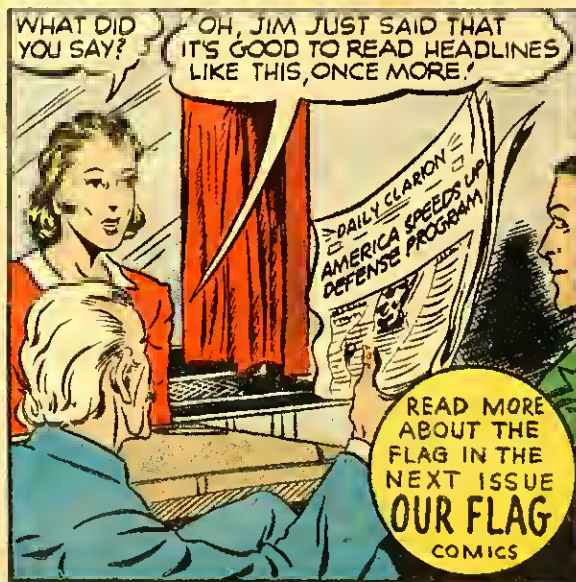
THAT'S THE WAY HITLER DOES IT, AND THAT'S  
THE WAY I'M GOING TO DO IT. I'M TOO POWER-  
FUL TO BE STOPPED! IT WILL SOON BE  
HERMAN FOXSON, DICTATOR  
OF AMERICA!













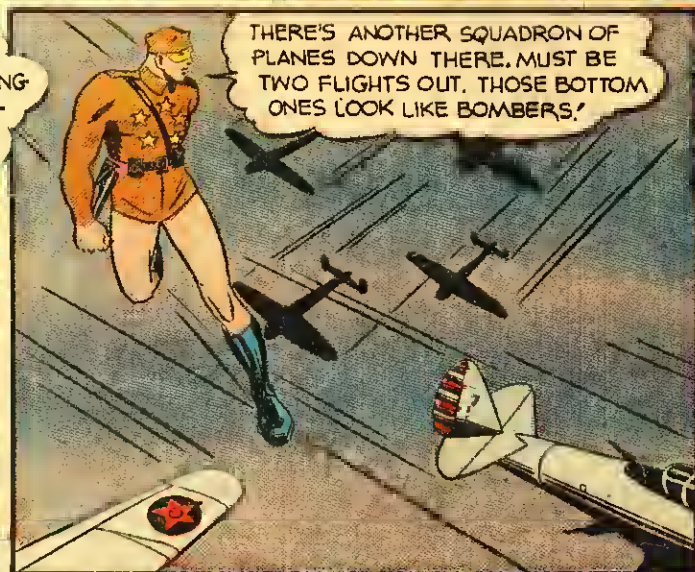
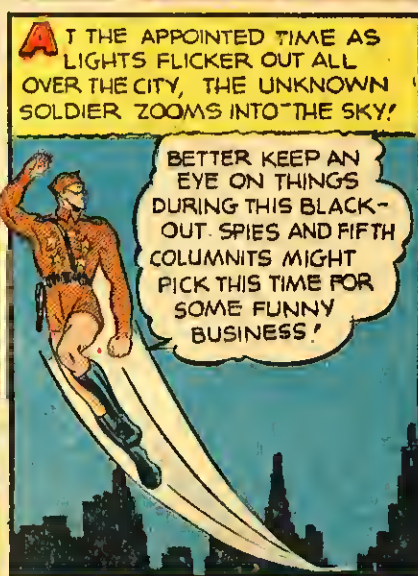
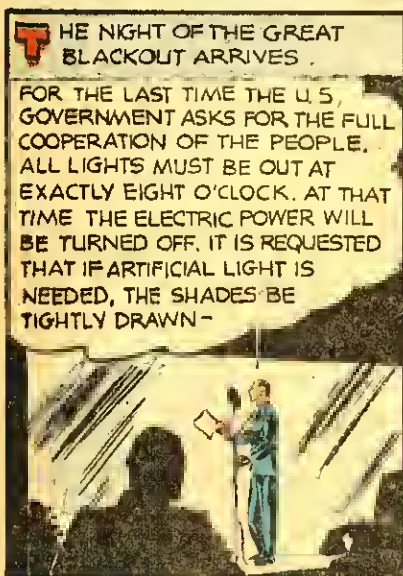
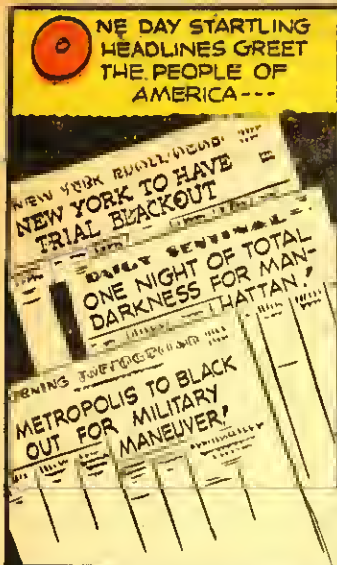
# THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

WHEREVER THERE IS WAR AND STRIFE AND INNOCENTS ARE SUFFERING FROM THE CRUELITIES OF DICTATORS, AND OTHER OPPRESSORS, THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER APPEARS TO DRIVE OUT THE EVIL FORCES. EQUIPPED WITH A NITRO GUN WHICH SHOOTS EXPLOSIVE PELLETS INSTEAD OF BULLETS, PLUS AMAZING STRENGTH AND THE POWER TO WHIZ THROUGH THE AIR AT BLINDING SPEED, THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER IS MORE THAN A MATCH FOR WHOLE ARMIES. HE IS THE MIGHT AND COURAGE OF A MAN FIGHTING FOR THE RIGHT. MASKED AND UNIFORMED, HIS TRUE IDENTITY REMAINS A MYSTERY. HE IS SPOKEN OF ONLY AS THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER!

CURRIE







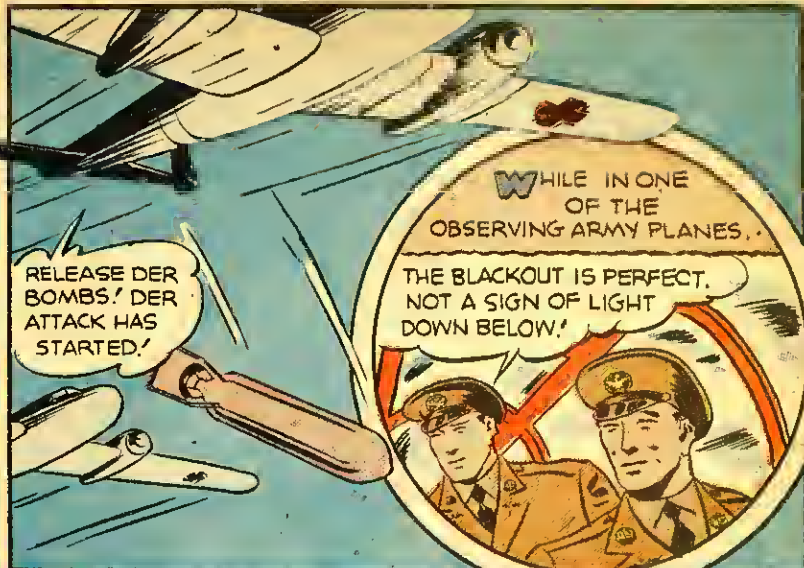




**B**UT IN ONE OF THE PLANES IN THE LOWER SQUADRON...

WE GOT OUT OF DER SECRET BASE ALL RIGHT. UND NEW YORK ISS RIGHT BELOW US, COMPLETELY AT OUR MERCY!

UND VEN VE START DROPPING DER BOMBS EFFERYVONE VILL T'INK DER ARMY PLANES ARE DOING IT!



**W**HILE IN ONE OF THE OBSERVING ARMY PLANES...

THE BLACKOUT IS PERFECT. NOT A SIGN OF LIGHT DOWN BELOW!

RELEASE DER BOMBS! DER ATTACK HAS STARTED!



WHAT'S THAT DOWN THERE IN THE CITY?

SOMETHING'S EXPLODING!



**A**S THE REST OF THE FIFTH COLUMNIST'S PLANES DROP THEIR BOMBS THE WHOLE CITY IS RACKED BY TERRIFIC EXPLOSIONS!



THE CITY IS BEING BOMBED! THE ARMY PLANES ARE DROPPING BOMBS ON US! ARE THOSE AVIATORS MAD???



IF I DIDN'T KNOW THOSE WERE OUR ARMY PLANES OVER THE CITY, I'D THINK THEY WERE DROPPING BOMBS! BETTER GO DOWN AND SEE WHAT IS CAUSING THOSE EXPLOSIONS!





THERE'S SOMETHING FALLING. LET'S SEE, 'Y



IT'S A BOMB. U.S. PLANES OR NOT, THEY ARE BOMBING THE CITY AND MUST BE STOPPED!



AT THIS MOMENT, ABOARD AN ENEMY PLANE.

NOW DAT VE'VE GOT THINGS STARTED OUR SKY SCRAPER UNITS VILL FINISH IT UP. VE VILL NOW GO ON TO BOMB DER TRANSPORTATION OBJECTIVES!

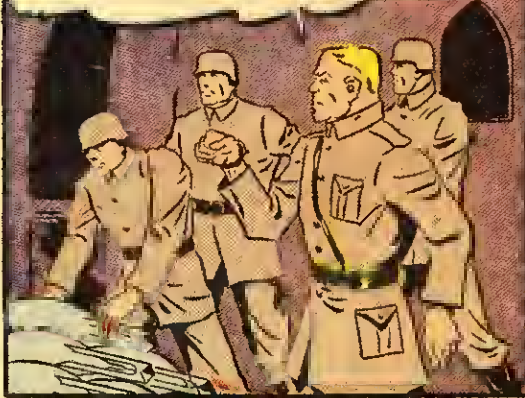
VERY GOOT!

WITH THAT, THE ENEMY PLANES STRIKE OUT TOWARD THE HUDSON RIVER.

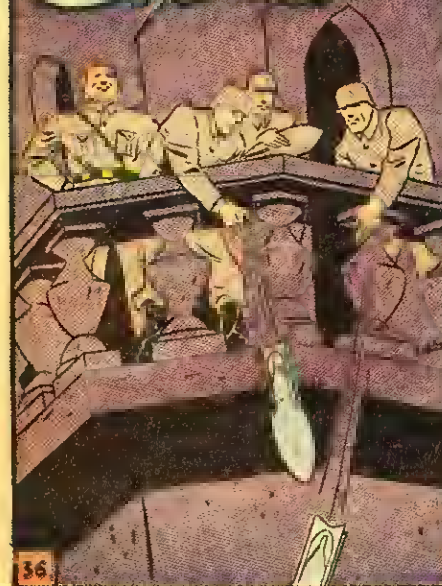


AND IN ONE OF MANHATTAN'S SKY-SCRAPER TOWERS.

IT ISS NOW TIME FOR US TO GO INTO ACTION. ALL OVER DER CITY OUR SKYSCRAPER UNITS VILL NOW TOSS DER BOMBS DOWN ON DER CITY.



DISS ISS GOOT. IF ANYVUN DOUBTED THAT DER ARMY PLANES VER DOING DER BOMBING, DEY VILL NOW BE CONVINCED DER ISS NOW NO ODDER PLANES OVER DER CITY!



ON THE FLOOR BELOW THE OBSERVATION TOWER...

THEY'RE UP THERE NOW, DROPPING BOMBS ON THE CITY, I TELL YOU. I OVERHEARD THEIR PLANS. I SAW THEM. THEY'VE TAKEN CONTROL OF THE BUILDING.



YOU ARE CRAZY, ANNA JENSEN!

SAY WHAT YOU LIKE. I AM NOT GOING TO STAND BY AND SEE THE CITY DESTROYED AND OUR ARMY FLIERS BLAMED FOR IT. MY OWN SON IS THE SQUADRON LEADER OF THAT FLIGHT. I WILL NOT SEE HIM DISGRACED AND FALSELY ACCUSED.







THE REST OF YOU CAN BE COWARDS IF YOU WISH. I AM GOING UP THERE AND TRY TO STOP THOSE SPIES AND TRAITORS!

MAYBE ANNA IS RIGHT!



WE ARE FOREIGN BORN BUT NOW WE ARE AMERICANS!

AMERICA HAS BEEN GOOD TO US. LET US GO WITH ANNA!

WE'LL SHOW THOSE FIFTH COLUMNISTS!



SEE! CHARGE THEM, WOMEN!

VASS ISS DISS?



GRAB THEM, YOU FOOLS. SHOOT DER CRAZY WOMEN! SHTOP DEM SOME VAY!



MEANWHILE IN THE PLANE OF FLIGHT LEADER JENSEN!

IF THOSE EXPLOSIONS AREN'T STOPPED THE WHOLE CITY WILL BE DESTROYED. IT MUST BE BOMBS COMING FROM SOMEWHERE. ORDER THE FORMATION TO BREAK AND SEARCH FOR ENEMY PLANES!

VERY WELL, LIEUTENANT JENSEN!



A - A MAN WALKING ON THE WING! HOW DID ---

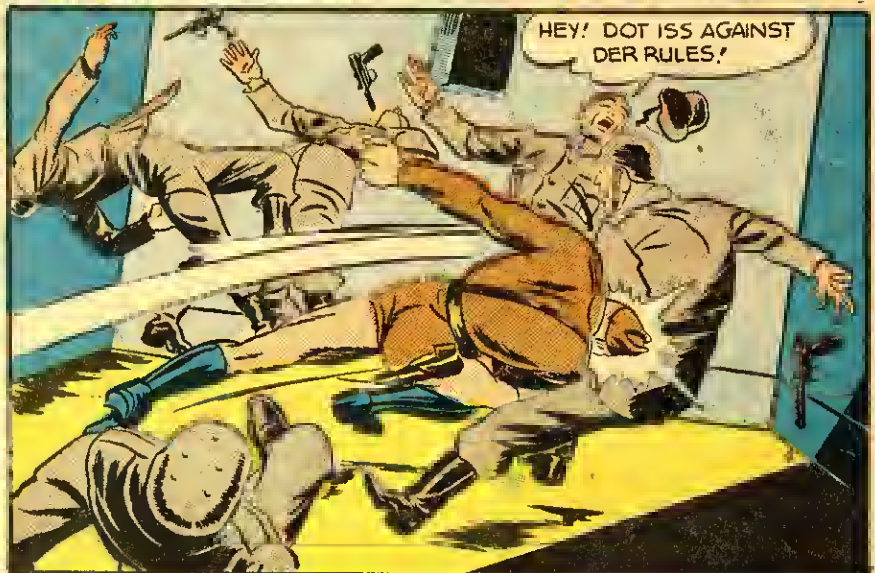
IT'S - IT'S THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER!



I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS POSSIBLE THAT YOU FELLOWS WERE DOING THE BOMBING, BUT I WANTED TO MAKE SURE!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT AT ALL!









YOU AND I ARE GOING FOR A LITTLE SPIN

HALUP!

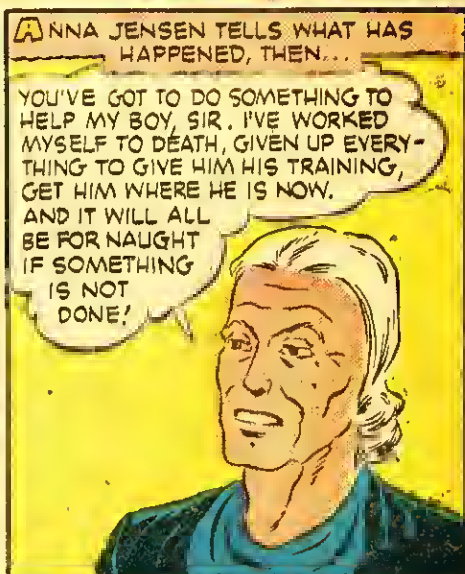


HOW DO YOU GUYS LIKE THIS AIRPLANE SPIN?



NOW I'LL FREE YOU LADIES IF YOU'LL BE KIND ENOUGH TO TELL ME WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.

SURE AND WE'LL BE GLAD TO DO THAT MR. UNKNOWN SOLDIER. ANNA, HERE, WILL GIVE YOU ALL THE DIRT ON 'EM!



ANNA JENSEN TELLS WHAT HAS HAPPENED, THEN...

YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO HELP MY BOY, SIR. I'VE WORKED MYSELF TO DEATH, GIVEN UP EVERYTHING TO GIVE HIM HIS TRAINING, GET HIM WHERE HE IS NOW. AND IT WILL ALL BE FOR NAUGHT IF SOMETHING IS NOT DONE!



HE AND THE REST OF THE ARMY FLYERS WILL BE BLAMED FOR THIS BOMBING. THEY'LL BE DISGRACED, MAYBE EVEN JAILED! THIS CAN'T HAPPEN, SIR!

I'LL DO ALL I CAN, MRS. JENSEN.



THOSE SPIES WON'T COME TO FOR SEVERAL DAYS. I'LL LEAVE YOU LADIES TO BRING THE POLICE TO THEM. I'M GOING AFTER THE OTHERS.



MEANWHILE - THE ENEMY PLANES ARE BUSY BOMBING TRANSPORTATION OBJECTIVES IN THE HUDSON RIVER...

WE HAFF BLOWN UP DER HOLLAND UND DER LINCOLN TUNNELS. NOW TO DESTROY DER GEORGE VASHINGTON BRIDGE!



IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF MAX KRULE, LEADER OF THE GIGANTIC NAZI SPY MOVEMENT...

EVERYTHING IS GOING GOOT. REPORTS JUST CAME IN FROM AIR UNITS THAT ALL AIRPORTS, TUNNELS AND BRIDGES ARE NOW DESTROYED. NEW YORK IS NOW CUT OFF FROM OUTSIDE HELP!

YOU WILL SOON BE DICTATOR OF DER WHOLE CITY!

WE WILL OUST DER CITY GOVERNMENT. I WILL MAKE SLAVES OF DER PEOPLE AND ALL DER RICHES OF NEW YORK WILL BE MINE!

DER FEUHRER HIMSELF COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER!

AND IN THE PLANE OF FLIGHT LEADER JENSEN!

THE BOMBING SEEMS TO HAVE STOPPED, BUT WE HAVE FOUND NO SIGN OF ENEMY PLANES. IT IS NOW TIME TO HEAD BACK TO OUR FIELD FOR A REPORT.

A FEW MINUTES LATER THE ARMY PLANES REACH THEIR BASE JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY...

MAYBE THEY KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE BOMBINGS BACK HERE.

HERE THEY COME NOW. I'D BETTER REPORT TO THE GENERAL. BOY, I WOULDN'T BE IN THOSE GUYS' SHOES FOR ANY MONEY!

THEY HAVE LANDED, SIR.

I'LL HAVE THE SCOUNDRELS ARRESTED AS SOON AS THEY STEP OUT OF THEIR PLANES!

LIEUTENANT JENSEN, YOU AND ALL YOUR MEN ARE UNDER ARREST!

WHAT? WHAT IS THIS, A JOKE?

IT'S NO JOKE WHEN ARMY MEN DELIBERATELY BOMB AN UNPROTECTED AMERICAN TOWN YOU WILL STAND IMMEDIATE TRIAL. COME QUIETLY, OR ELSE...



**B**EFORE JENSEN AND THE OTHER FLYERS CAN GET OVER THEIR SURPRISE, THEY ARE BEING TRIED FOR TREASON...

...AND THIS COURT DOES HEREBY FIND LIEUTENANT JENSEN AND ALL THE MEN UNDER HIS COMMAND GUILTY OF THE CHARGES BROUGHT AGAINST THEM.

BUT WE'RE INNOCENT!

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER KNOWS WE ARE INNOCENT. HE IS ALWAYS SUPPOSED TO SHOW UP WHEN THE GOING IS TOUGHEST AND LIBERTY IS AT STAKE. IF HE WOULD ONLY COME NOW!

FEW MOMENTS LATER...

HOLD IT, EVERYONE! I'M A WITNESS FOR THESE MEN ON TRIAL!

IT-IT'S THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER! HE'LL TELL YOU THAT WE'RE INNOCENT!

JENSEN AND HIS MEN DIDN'T DROP THOSE BOMBS. THERE WERE ENEMY PLANES IN THE SKY, AND FIFTH COLUMNISTS IN SKYSCRAPER TOWERS, DROPPING THEM!

WHAT A PREPOSTEROUS STORY!

I DON'T KNOW WHO THIS MAN IS, BUT WE ARE CERTAINLY NOT GOING TO BE FOOLS ENOUGH TO BELIEVE SUCH A FANTASTIC STORY. REMOVE THIS MAN FROM THE COURTROOM!

BUT, GENERAL, I TELL YOU -

ALL RIGHT. YOU DON'T HAVE TO USE FORCE. I'LL GO. BUT I'LL RETURN, WITH PROOF THAT THESE MEN ARE INNOCENT!

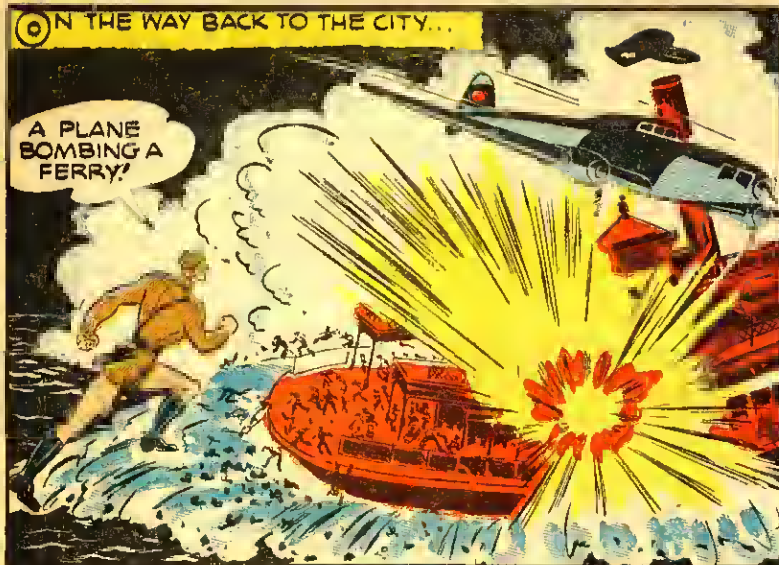
THE GENERAL IS RIGHT, I GUESS MY STORY IS ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE. BUT I MUST HELP THOSE MEN!

BACK IN THE COURT, JENSEN AND THE OTHERS SIT DEJECTEDLY.

OUR LAST CHANCE HAS GONE. I DON'T CARE FOR MYSELF, BUT THIS WILL KILL MOTHER. AFTER ALL SHE HAS DONE FOR ME, TOO!



ON THE WAY BACK TO THE CITY...

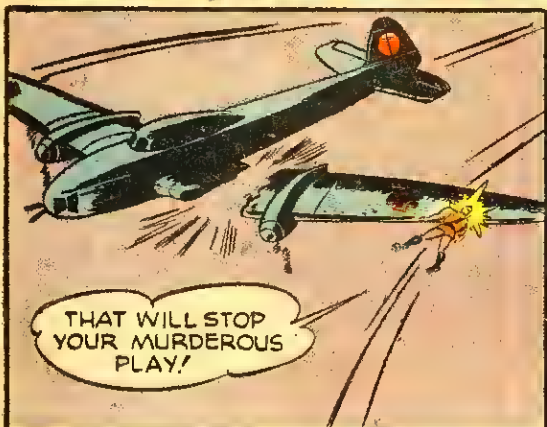


A PLANE  
BOMBING A  
FERRY!

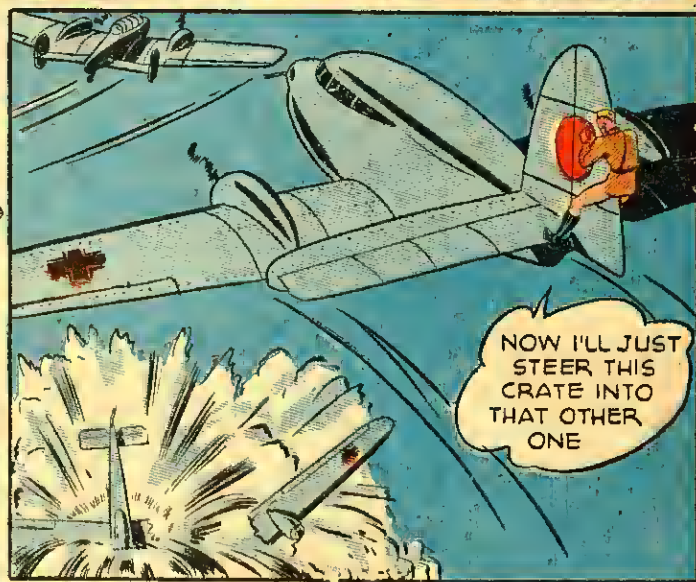
AND THEN THE UNKNOWN  
SOLDIER SEES...



DISS ISS FUN,  
STRAFIN DER POOR  
STRUGGLING FOOLS IN  
DER VATER!



THAT WILL STOP  
YOUR MURDEROUS  
PLAY!

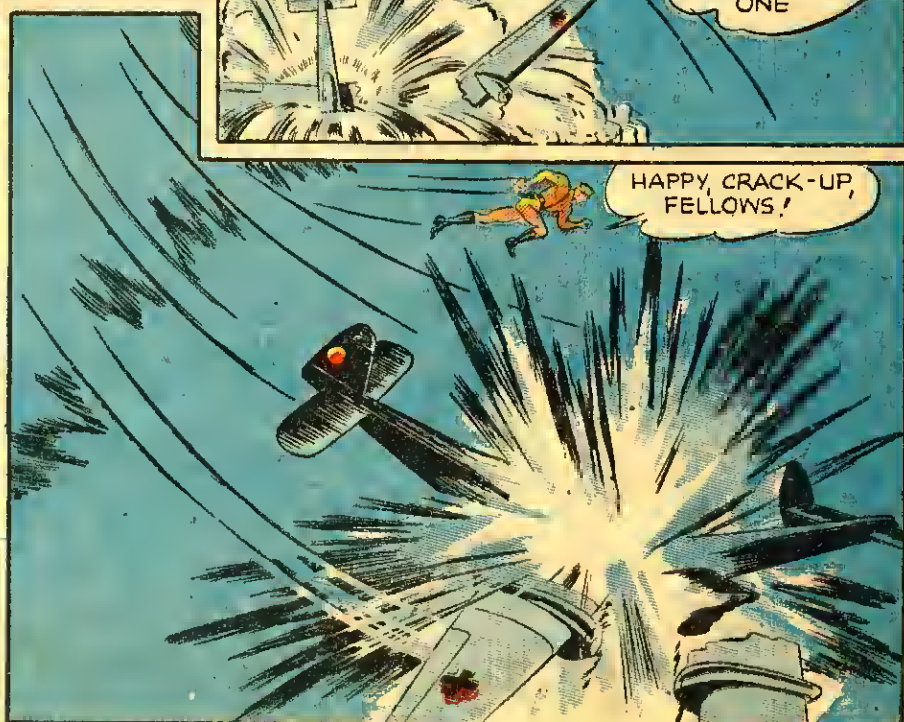


NOW I'LL JUST  
STEER THIS  
CRATE INTO  
THAT OTHER  
ONE



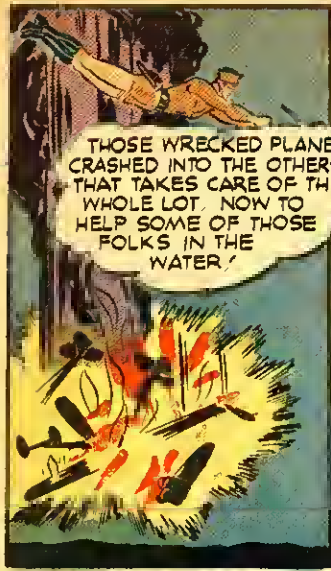
AYAAAH! DER  
CRAZY MAN ISS  
RIDING DER  
TAIL!

YOU SAID IT,  
KRAUT-HEAD! I'M  
TAKING YOU FOR  
A RIDE!

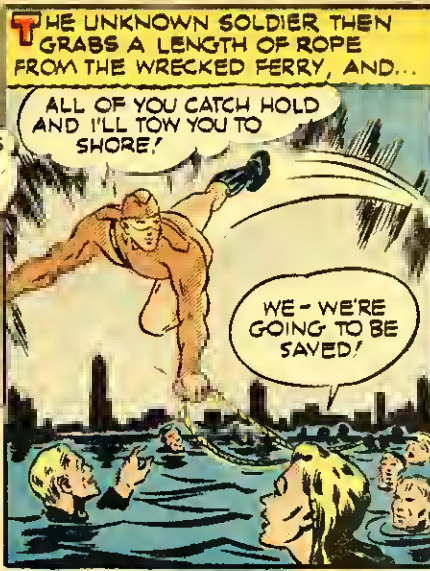


HAPPY, CRACK-UP,  
FELLOWS!





THOSE WRECKED PLANES CRASHED INTO THE OTHERS THAT TAKES CARE OF THE WHOLE LOT. NOW TO HELP SOME OF THOSE FOLKS IN THE WATER!



THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER THEN GRABS A LENGTH OF ROPE FROM THE WRECKED FERRY, AND...

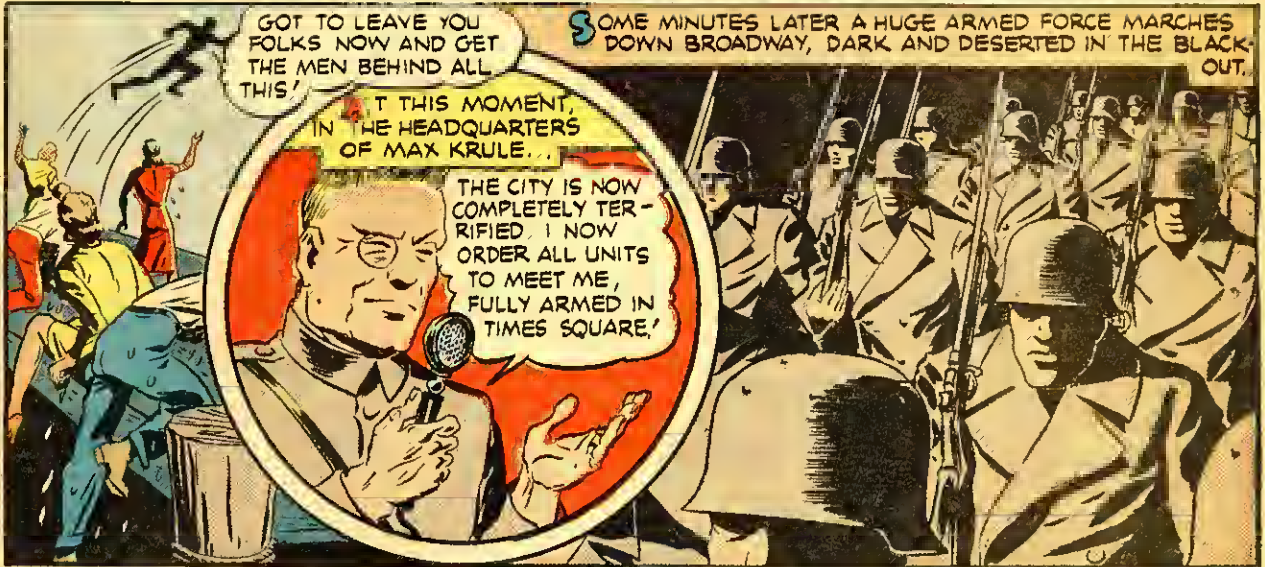
ALL OF YOU CATCH HOLD AND I'LL TOW YOU TO SHORE!

WE - WE'RE GOING TO BE SAVED!



HALF OF US WOULD HAVE BEEN DROWNED IF HE HADN'T COME ALONG!

AND THE REST KILLED BY THOSE MEN IN THE PLANES!



GOT TO LEAVE YOU FOLKS NOW AND GET THE MEN BEHIND ALL THIS!

SOME MINUTES LATER A HUGE ARMED FORCE MARCHES DOWN BROADWAY, DARK AND DESERTED IN THE BLACK-OUT.

AT THIS MOMENT, IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF MAX KRULE...

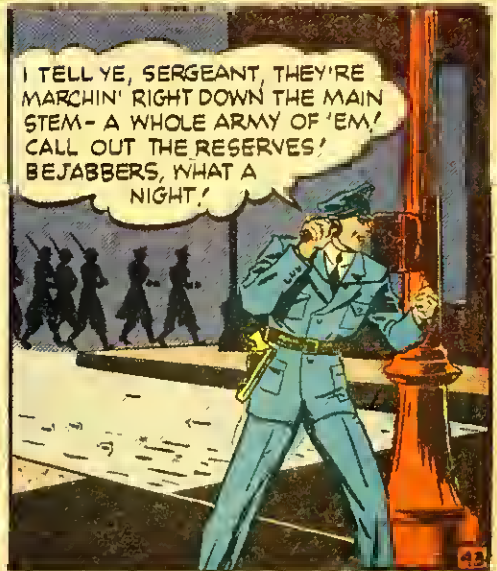
THE CITY IS NOW COMPLETELY TERRIFIED. I NOW ORDER ALL UNITS TO MEET ME, FULLY ARMED IN TIMES SQUARE!



MY ENGINEER-UNITS HAVE COMPLETE CONTROL OF THE POWER HOUSES. THIS BLACKOUT WILL LAST UNTIL MORNING. WHEN NEW YORKERS AWAKE TOMORROW,

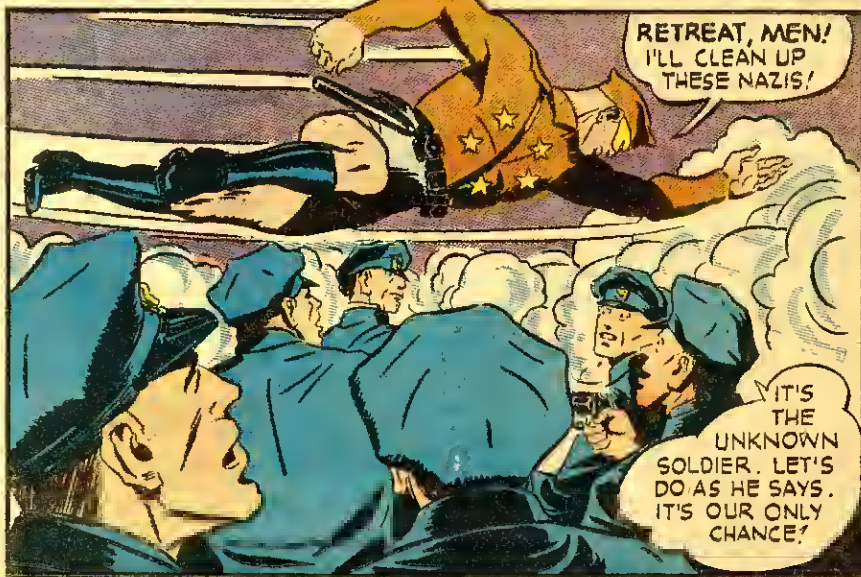
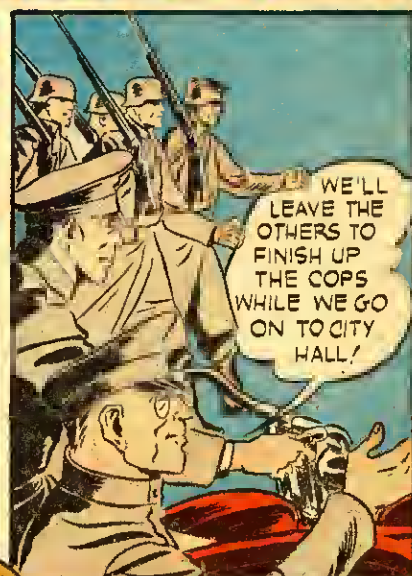
THEY WILL BE MY SLAVES!

EVEN NOW WE PROCEED TO CAPTURE CITY HALL, EH, MEIN FUEHRER!



I TELL YE, SERGEANT, THEY'RE MARCHIN' RIGHT DOWN THE MAIN STEM - A WHOLE ARMY OF 'EM! CALL OUT THE RESERVES! BEJABBERS, WHAT A NIGHT!







AS THE POLICE FORCE SCATTER INTO DOORWAYS AND DOWN SIDE STREETS, THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER ZOOMS UPTOWN, STOPS AND..



IN THE CANYON OF THESE BUILDINGS, IT SHOULD BE EASY TO START A WHIRL-WIND BIG ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF THAT GANG OF FASCISTS!

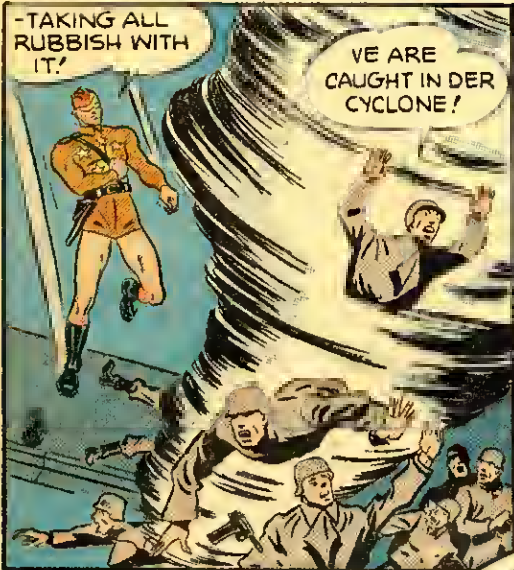
THE WHIRL-WIND GROWS WITH SPEED AND INTENSITY UNTIL...

THAT THING WILL NOW HEAD DOWN BROADWAY AND RIGHT OUT TO SEA



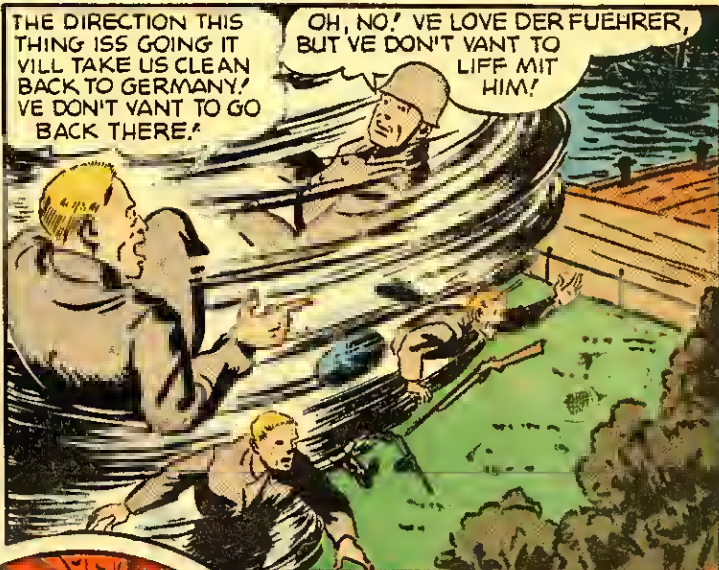
-TAKING ALL RUBBISH WITH IT!

WE ARE CAUGHT IN DER CYCLONE!



THE DIRECTION THIS THING ISS GOING IT VILL TAKE US CLEAN BACK TO GERMANY! VE DON'T WANT TO GO BACK THERE!

OH, NO! VE LOVE DER FUEHRER, BUT VE DON'T WANT TO LIFF MIT HIM!



BY NOW MAX KRULE AND HIS FORCES HAVE REACHED CITY HALL



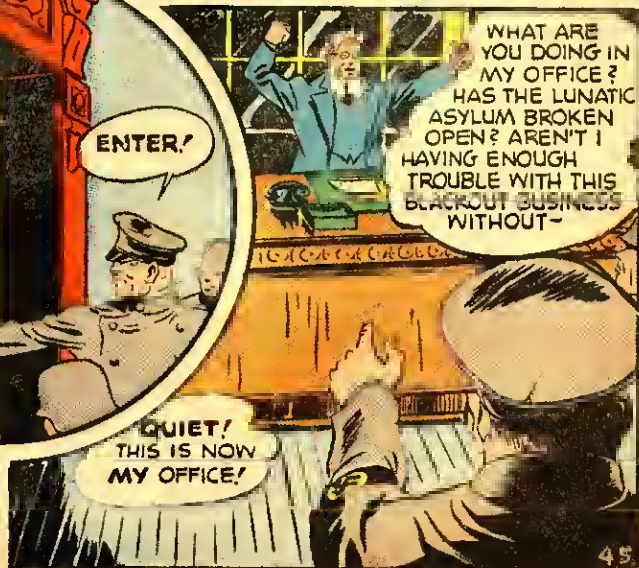
TAKE OVER ALL DER OFFICES UND MAKE DER OFFICIALS PRISONERS!



ENTER!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY OFFICE? HAS THE LUNATIC ASYLUM BROKEN OPEN? AREN'T I HAVING ENOUGH TROUBLE WITH THIS BLACKOUT BUSINESS WITHOUT-

QUIET! THIS IS NOW MY OFFICE!







WHEN THE MAYOR FINALLY REALIZES WHAT HAS HAPPENED, HE FIGHTS VALIENTLY...

I'LL DIE BEFORE I'LL GIVE UP MY OFFICE TO YOU TRAITORS!



WE'VE GOT HIM NOW, HERR KRULE. VOT SHALL VE DO MIT DER SCOUNDREL?

LOCK HIM AND ALL DER ODDER OFFICIALS UP IN DER TOMBS PRISON!



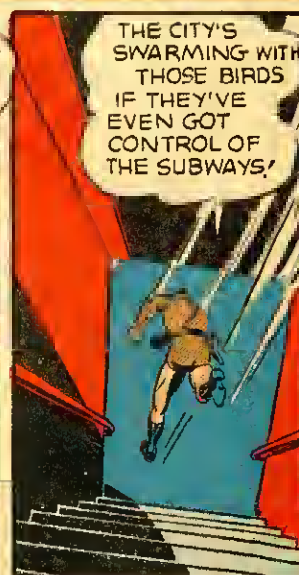
DURING THIS TIME, THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER IS RUNNING INTO MORE TROUBLE...

WONDER WHAT'S GOING ON BY THAT SUBWAY ENTRANCE!



WHAT'S THE TROUBLE HERE?

WE'RE CITY EMPLOYEES WHO WERE WORKING LATE TONIGHT. NOW WE CAN'T GET HOME. THE SUBWAYS HAVE BEEN TAKEN OVER BY MEN IN NAZI UNIFORMS!



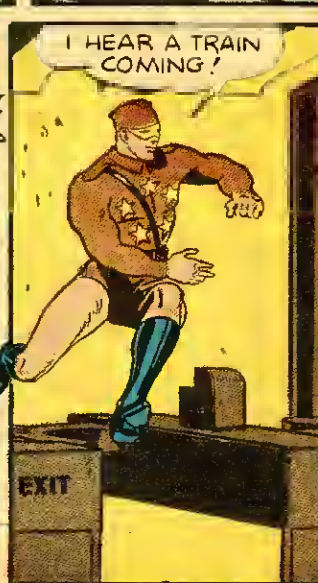
THE CITY'S SWARMING WITH THOSE BIRDS IF THEY'VE EVEN GOT CONTROL OF THE SUBWAYS!



YOU CANNOT COME IN! SEZ WHO?

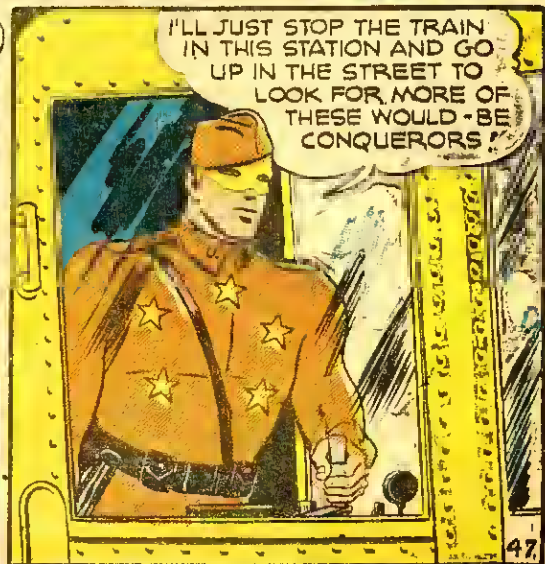
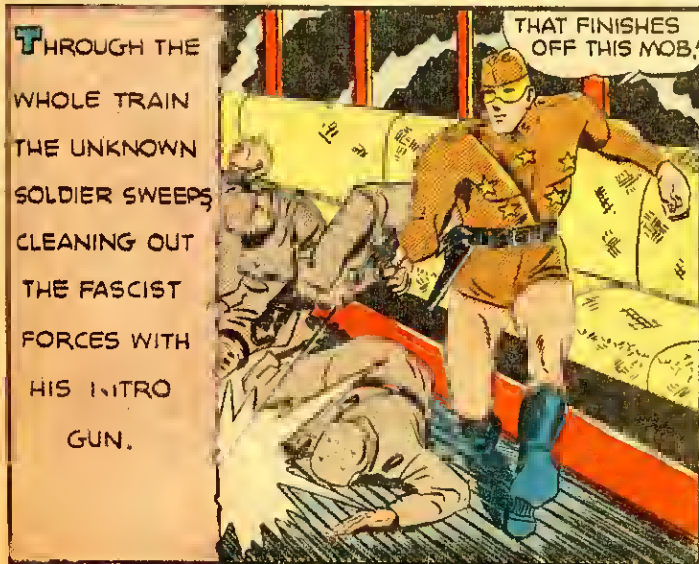
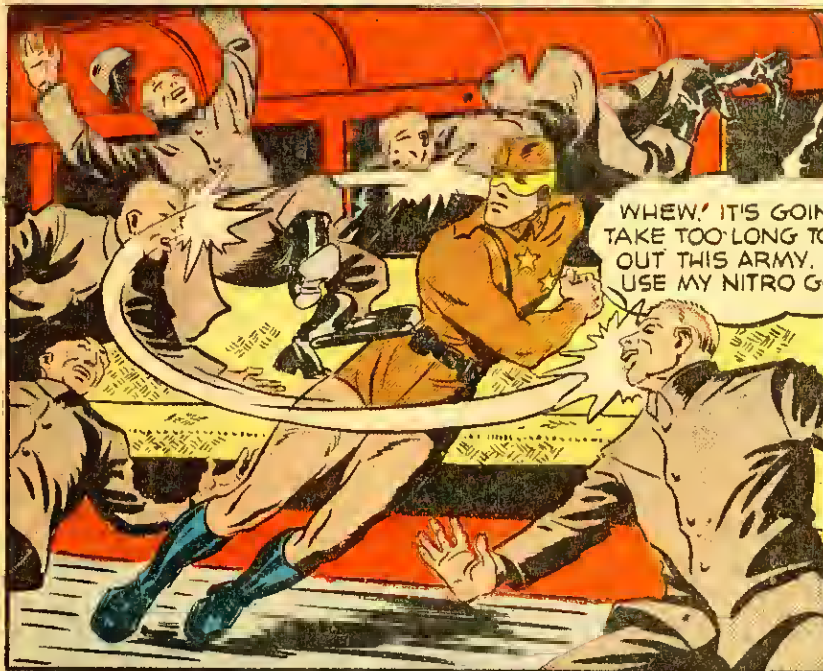
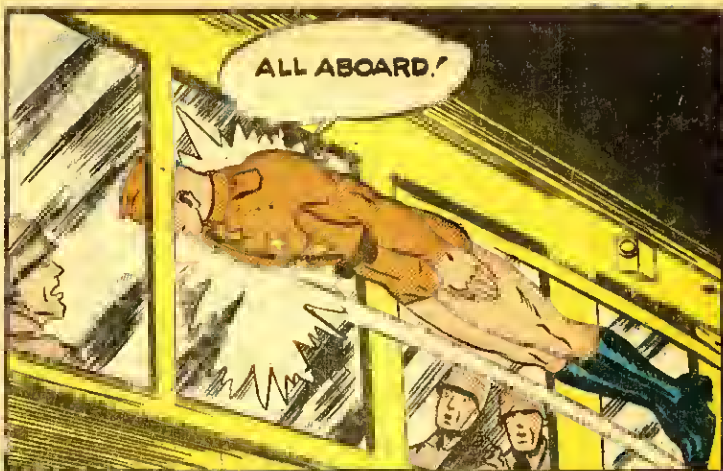
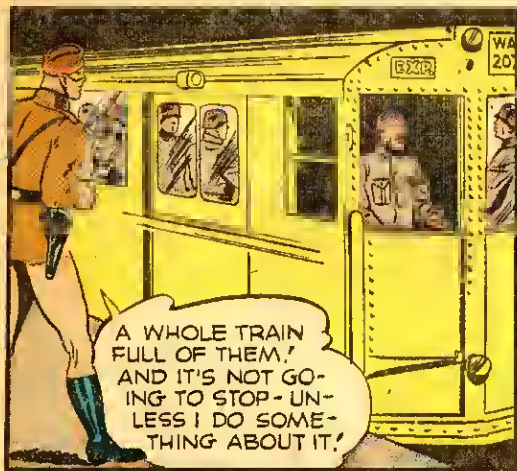


PUT THAT IN YOUR MEERSCHAUMS AND SMOKE IT!



I HEAR A TRAIN COMING!

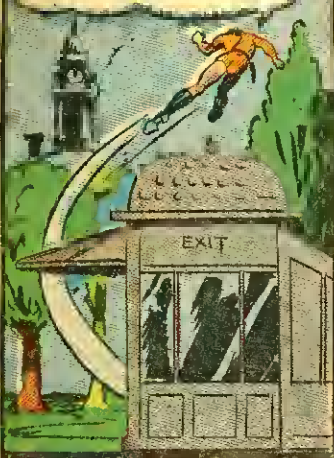




THROUGH THE WHOLE TRAIN THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER SWEEPS CLEANING OUT THE FASCIST FORCES WITH HIS NITRO GUN.



MAYBE I'D BETTER STOP  
OVER THERE AT CITY HALL  
AND SEE WHAT THE  
OFFICIALS ARE DOING  
ABOUT THIS BUSINESS.



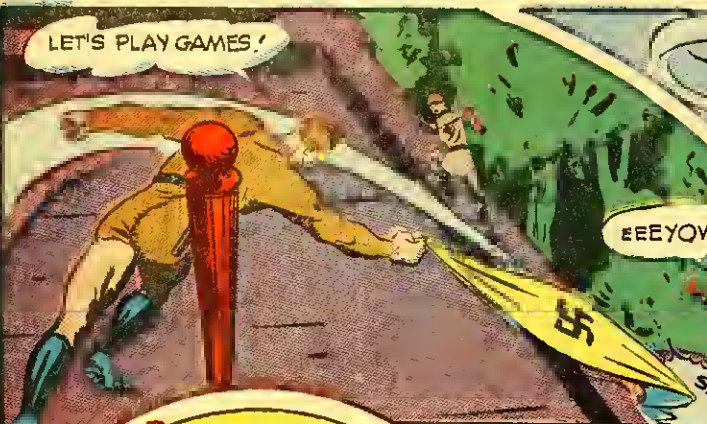
THAT'S ONE FLAG THAT WILL NEVER  
FLY OVER ANY BUILDING IN  
THE UNITED STATES!



LOOKS LIKE I'M  
TOO LATE. THE  
FIFTH COLUMNISTS  
ARE ALREADY IN  
POWER. BUT THEY'RE  
GOING TO TAKE THAT RAG  
DOWN IN A HURRY!



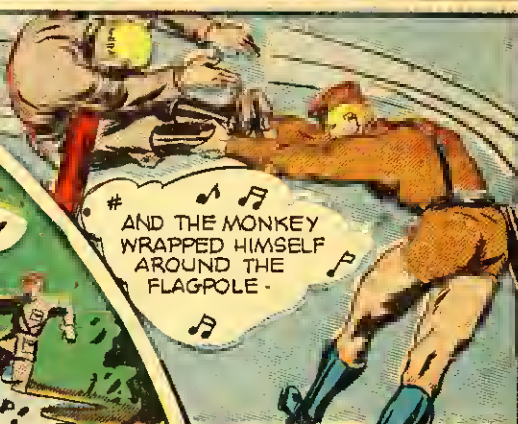
LET'S PLAY GAMES!



EEYOW!

SNAP!

AND THE MONKEY  
WRAPPED HIMSELF  
AROUND THE  
FLAGPOLE.



DOWN BELOW -  
IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.

VELL, HERE VE ARE, BOYS! I  
VISH MEIN MAIN FORCES WHICH  
WER COMING DOWN HERE BY SUBWAY  
WOULD ARRIVE. DER ISS A  
FEW MORE T'INGS I VANT  
DEY SHOULD  
CLEAR UP.

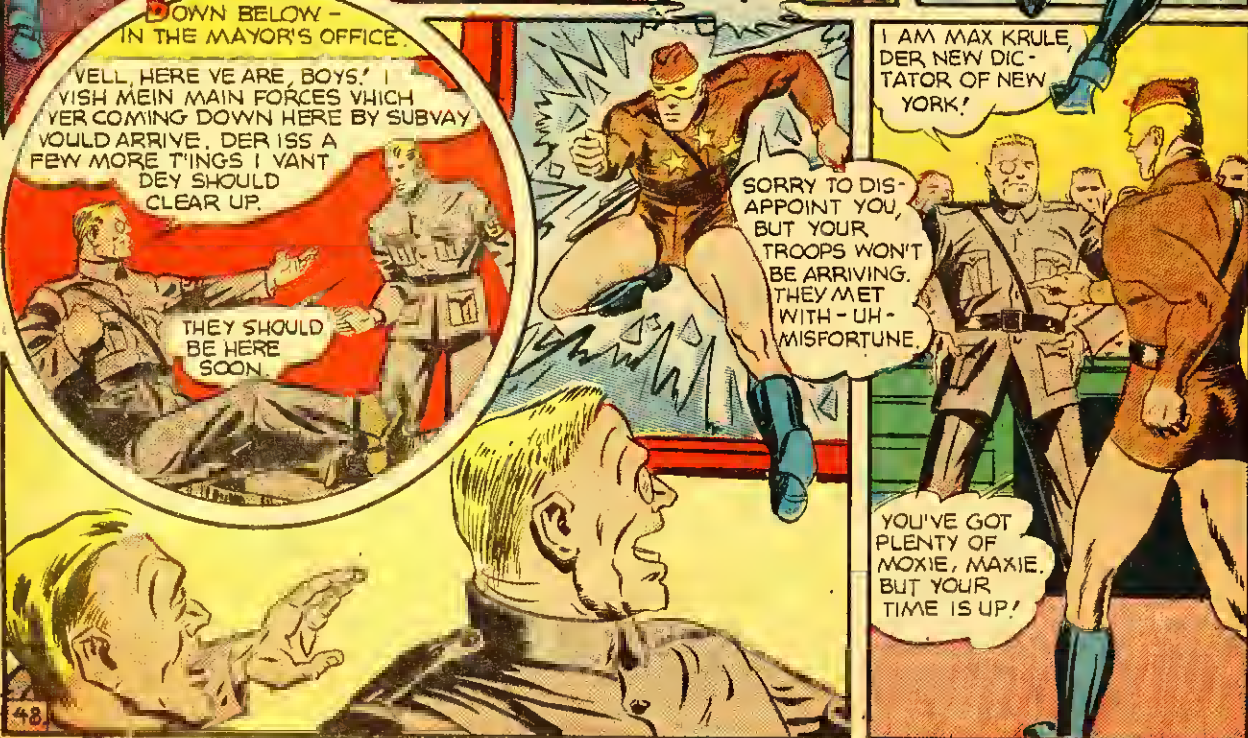
THEY SHOULD  
BE HERE  
SOON.



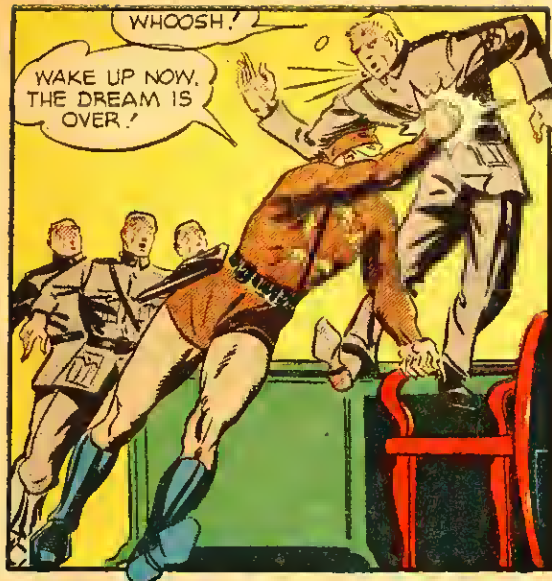
I AM MAX KRULE,  
DER NEW DIC-  
TATOR OF NEW  
YORK!

SORRY TO DIS-  
APPOINT YOU,  
BUT YOUR  
TROOPS WON'T  
BE ARRIVING.  
THEY MET  
WITH - UH -  
MISFORTUNE.

YOU'VE GOT  
PLENTY OF  
MOXIE, MAXIE.  
BUT YOUR  
TIME IS UP!







WHOOSH!  
WAKE UP NOW.  
THE DREAM IS  
OVER!

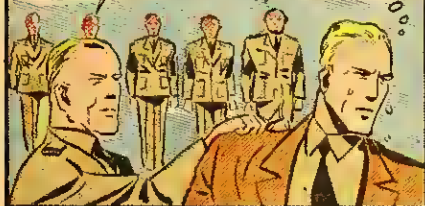
THE NEXT  
SECOND  
A  
WHIRLWIND  
LETS  
LOOSE  
IN THE  
OFFICE -



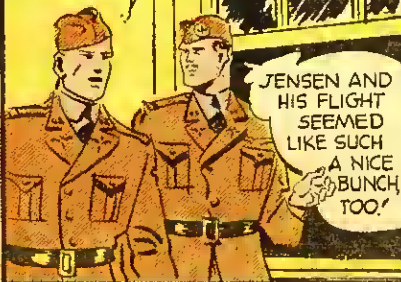
WHILE OUT AT THE ARMY AIRPORT  
WHERE LT. JENSEN AND HIS MEN ARE  
BEING STRIPPED OF THEIR INSIGNIAS-

YOU HAVE BEEN  
FOUND GUILTY  
OF TREASON,  
JENSEN!

THIS WILL  
BREAK  
MOTHER'S  
HEART!



IT TOOK SO MUCH TIME AND  
EFFORT TO EARN THOSE BUTTONS  
AND INSIGNIA. IT MUST HURT  
TO LOSE 'EM!



JENSEN AND  
HIS FLIGHT  
SEEMED  
LIKE SUCH  
A NICE  
BUNCH  
TOO!



LOOK! WHAT'S  
THAT HURLING  
THROUGH THE  
AIR TOWARD  
US?



HOLD UP THAT  
CEREMONY! HERE  
ARE THE REAL  
CULPRITS!

YAH-YAH! SET US  
DOWN AND WE  
WILL TELL  
EVERYTHING!

A LITTLE  
LATER THE  
WHOLE PLOT IS  
CONFERRED BY  
MAX KRULE AND  
HIS MEN.  
LIEUTENANT  
JENSEN AND  
THE OTHERS  
ARE  
REINSTATED!!!

MY HUMBLE APOLOGIES,  
LIEUTENANT. YOU WILL  
RECEIVE A NEW  
UNIFORM AT  
ONCE!

WOW! WHAT A  
RELIEF TO KNOW THAT  
I'M STILL ONE OF UNCLE  
SAM'S BOYS!

THEN AS  
THE FIRST  
RAYS OF  
DAWN  
LIGHT  
THE SKY -



IT WON'T TAKE LONG FOR  
WORKERS TO FIX THE  
CITY UP AS IT WAS.  
MAY FREEDOM  
ALWAYS RULE!

WATCH FOR THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER  
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF  
OUR FLAG COMICS!



# Gallows'

## A True Crime Story

A DEATH SHIP moved silently over the Strait of Juan de Fuca, near Vancouver Island, on the night of September 15th, 1924. Ghostly, sinister, it stole through utter darkness toward the scene of a crime so ruthless that it was destined to shock and mystify the law forces of two great nations.

Vancouver's shores lay off to the left of the macabre vessel. On the right lay the rugged coast of Washington State. Directly ahead was Sidney Island, with a sheltered cove on one side, where a small motor yacht was anchored.

In the cabin of the yacht two men lay sleeping. They were Captain William Gillis and his seventeen-year-old son, William, Jr. In the hold of the small vessel were many cases of liquor which had been taken off a steamer outside the American twelve mile limit that afternoon.

Prohibition was still in force; but Captain Gillis had no intention of smuggling his cargo into the United States. He had merely been hired to transfer the liquor from the ship outside to a point in Canada close to the American border. What happened to it after that was no affair of his. He was a sober, hard-working man who took such jobs as he could get in an effort to support his family. He had dropped anchor off Sidney Island because a surface mist made night time navigation dangerous.

Through this chill gray mist the ship of death crept ever closer. It showed no lights. There were four men on board, but their faces were hidden in the darkness. They seemed to know what they were about; seemed to have planned beforehand the horrible thing that lay ahead.

A word was spoken in the blackness. Three of the ghoulish figures piled into a skiff and rowed toward Captain Gillis' boat, which was named the *Beryl G*. It was exactly midnight now. No stars were showing. With the fog and night as a sinister cover, two of the men

boarded the anchored craft.

A moment later there was a low hum of voices, then a muffled shot rang out. Captain Gillis, roused from sleep by the marauders, went down with a bullet wound in the head. His son gave a cry of horror which ended in a choking gasp as a savage blow landed on his temple.

Both men, now unconscious, were dragged out on the *Beryl G*'s deck and chained to her heavy anchor. The mystery ship came alongside. All the liquor in the *Beryl G*'s hold was unloaded. There was a moment's consultation. One man protested, while another spoke with fiendish savagery. The latter moved toward Captain Gillis and his son, who were now coming to. A knife glinted in his hand. With uncalled-for ruthlessness he butchered them both in cold blood. Then the *Beryl G* was towed out into open water, the anchor rope was cut and the two dead men chained to the anchor were dropped into the depths. Under cover of darkness the murder vessel sailed away.

Two days later, as a gray dawn broke, the *Beryl G* was sighted by the keeper of a lonely lighthouse off Vancouver Island. No one answered his hail. He rowed out to the vessel, and the absence of any men on board, coupled with the sight of many reddish stains, told him a horrible tale.

INSPECTOR CRUICKSHANK of the British Columbia Provincial Police was detailed to investigate the affair. He quickly identified the boat as belonging to Captain Gillis, who owned a farm near the east end of Vancouver. Gillis' wife was notified and said brokenly that she had not seen her husband and son for several days.

Boats accompanied by divers searched the Strait of Juan de Fuca, but no trace of the bodies could be found. That the murders had been committed by hi-jackers seemed evident to Cruickshank.

This put an international aspect on the thing. For hi-jackers in those waters were generally from the States. Newspapers in both countries featured the story. The public's imagination was gripped by the horror of the two men's disappearance and the blood-stained vessel. Cruickshank quietly got in touch with American authorities and asked their help. Deputy Sheriff Frank Anderson of King County, Washington, was put on the job. He had a reputation of being one of the most patient and



# Glass

By Cliff Howe

resourceful manhunters of the far Northwest. And he was familiar with criminals and criminal haunts around Seattle.

Days passed, and the bodies of the murdered men were still unfound. No hint of the murderers had been unearthed, either. But Anderson and Cruickshank did not give up. The search was not confined to Seattle or Vancouver. Through all the towns and cities of the coast detectives prowled. Then the first small clue was discovered on the Canadian side. Sergeant Owens, one of Cruickshank's men, learned that the caretaker of a house near Vancouver had for some time rented storage space in an old barn to bootleggers. There were found some old sacks with green markings on them which had been used to wrap up liquor.

Deputy Anderson was shown some of the sacks. He got to work on this clue, and found that those sacks and others like them came from a steamer, the *Comet*, under English charter. An importer named Wells, of San Francisco, was responsible, however, for the transportation of the liquor. Though a prohibition violator, he was a truthful, fair-minded man. He told the police that Peter Marinoff of Seattle was one of those who helped him run in the liquor. Outside of liquor-law violations, Marinoff was another rum-runner who'd been given a clean bill by the police. His word was respected by the law and the underworld alike.

It was Marinoff who supplied Deputy Anderson with valuable information. For Marinoff had hired Gillis and his son to bring the liquor in from the ship. A whole load of it had been stolen at the time of the murders. Previous to that, Marinoff had received only one small load.

Deputy Anderson asked Marinoff about this. The rum-runner showed him the stuff on being promised immunity from federal prosecution; and among the various bottles of liquor Anderson saw several dozen of an odd octagon shape. This, Marinoff informed him, was a new brand of gin which had never before been imported.

Here was something which Anderson's quick brain seized upon. There had been more of this new gin on board the *Beryl G* at the time of the hi-jacking and murder. It must be in the hands of the killers now. Sooner or later it would turn up in the market, and then Anderson would trace its source.

He asked Marinoff to hold onto all the octagon gin bottles he had and not release them for a while. Marinoff agreed, glad to help run down such fiendish killers. And Anderson started the most strenuous

manhunt of his life.

He began frequenting speakeasies in Seattle and outlying towns. He always asked for gin, and always complained of its flavor, posing as a highly particular customer, until he had tasted every brand in the house. Patiently he watched for an octagon bottle.

**T**HEN at last in one of Seattle's smaller downtown dives, he was rewarded. A speakeasy proprietor named Olson produced the type of bottle Anderson sought. It had been brought out after long complaints on the part of Anderson.

He ascertained that Olson himself was not a rum-runner. Showing his badge, he made Olson tell where he had got the liquor. After much argument, and white with fear, Olson finally stated that he had got the gin from "Cannon-Ball" Baker. Anderson's heart thumped with excitement. Baker was one of the worst characters along Seattle's waterfront. He had been mixed up with hi-jacking before.

The police did not know where he was now, but Anderson made Olson get in touch with Baker and order another case of gin. When Baker came Anderson held him for questioning.

Friends of Baker were rounded up and questioned also. Anderson learned that three other men of shady characters—Morris, Stromkins, and Harry Sowash, had been seen recently in the company of Baker. Stromkins owned a motor boat which could be hired. This looked promising to Anderson. He had Stromkins arrested, took a bold step and "put the screws on him." He intimated that Stromkins and the three men he had been with might all be indicted for murder. A few hours of this and Stromkins, a weakling by nature, broke and confessed.

He was innocent of the killing, he said. So was Morris. It was Baker and his pal, Sowash, who had done the job. Stromkins turned state's evidence and told the ghastly details of the crime.

It is unusual for a first-degree murder charge to be brought home when no bodies have been found. This went down in law history as an exceptional case. With the heavy anchor weighting them, neither the body of Gillis nor his son would ever be recovered. But, so carefully had Anderson produced his evidence and prepared his case, that a jury in Vancouver brought in a verdict of first-degree murder against Baker and his pal. Both went to the gallows on January 14th, 1926, for the brutal murder of Captain William Gillis and his son—trapped by the clue of an octagon bottle.



# Heroes *of the* Air

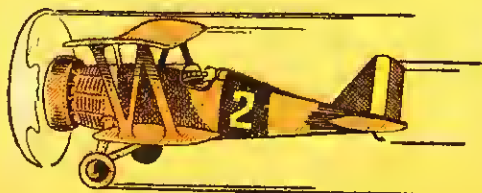


MAJOR AL WILLIAMS

IN 1918 HE SIGNED UP WITH THE NAVY AIR SERVICE AND TESTED PLANES-THEN DEVELOPED THE SCIENCE OF AEROBATICS- LATER IN 1923 HE WON THE PULITZER PRIZE RACE WITH A 243 M-P-H SPEED--

"AWARDED THE DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS"

MEANWHILE-A NEW TRAINING PLANE HAD THE EXPERTS WORRIED-FIVE PILOTS CRASHED IN THESE JOBS-SO AL COAXED ONE INTO AN EXPERIMENTAL SPIN-UNABLE TO PULL OUT HE CRACKED UP-BUT HIS TEST DATA SERVED TO CORRECT THE SHIPS FAULTS-

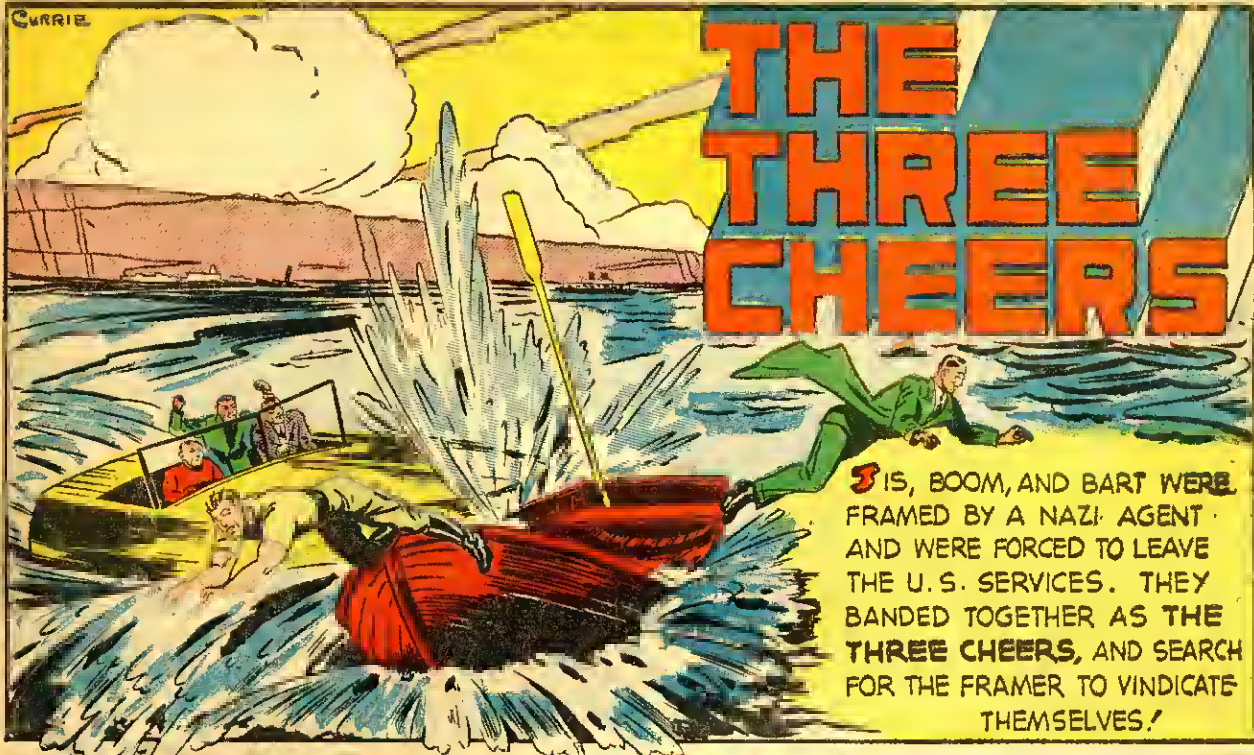


WILLIAMS FIN ALLY RESIGNED FROM THE NAVY AND DEVOTED HIS FULL TIME TO HIGH SPEED RESEARCH AND ADVANCING THE CAUSE FOR A UNIFIED AIR FORCE--

WRENNER



# THE THREE CHEERS



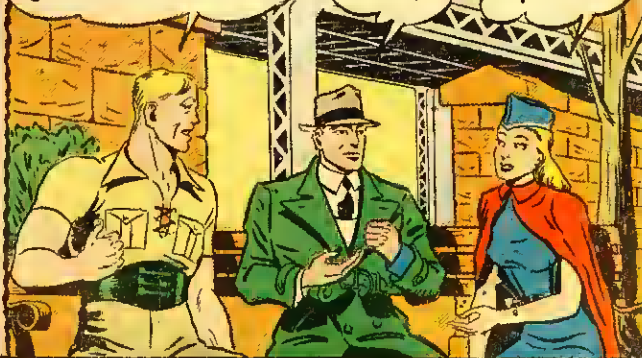
**S**IS, BOOM, AND BART WERE FRAMED BY A NAZI AGENT AND WERE FORCED TO LEAVE THE U. S. SERVICES. THEY BANDED TOGETHER AS THE **THREE CHEERS**, AND SEARCH FOR THE FRAMER TO VINDICATE THEMSELVES!

**S**IS, BOOM AND BART WONDER WHAT THEIR NEXT MOVE IS-

WHAT LUCK! WE CATCH UP TO MALKO, THE NAZI SPY THAT FRAMED US, OUTTA THE SERVICE!

BUT HE DROWNED - I'M SURE OF IT!

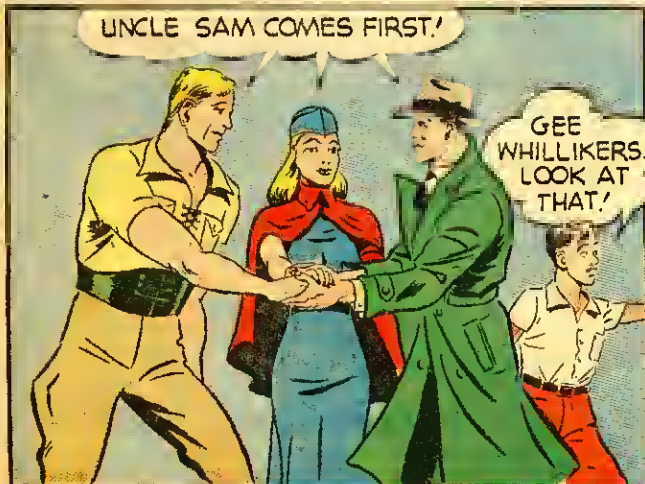
THAT'S NO REASON TO GIVE UP, BOYS!



REMEMBER OUR PACT! WE'VE GOT TO HELP UNCLE SAM FIRST!

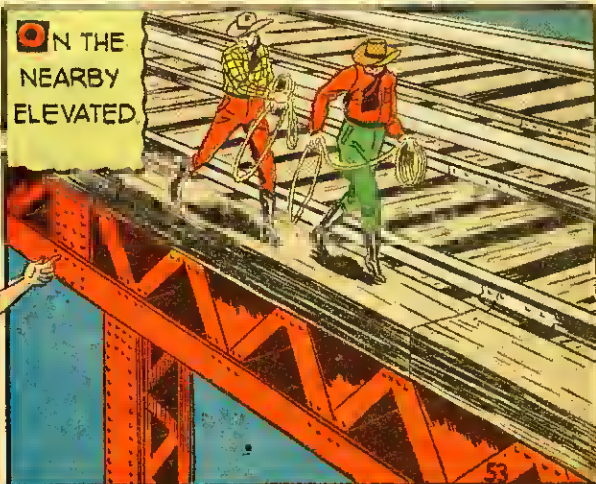


UNCLE SAM COMES FIRST!

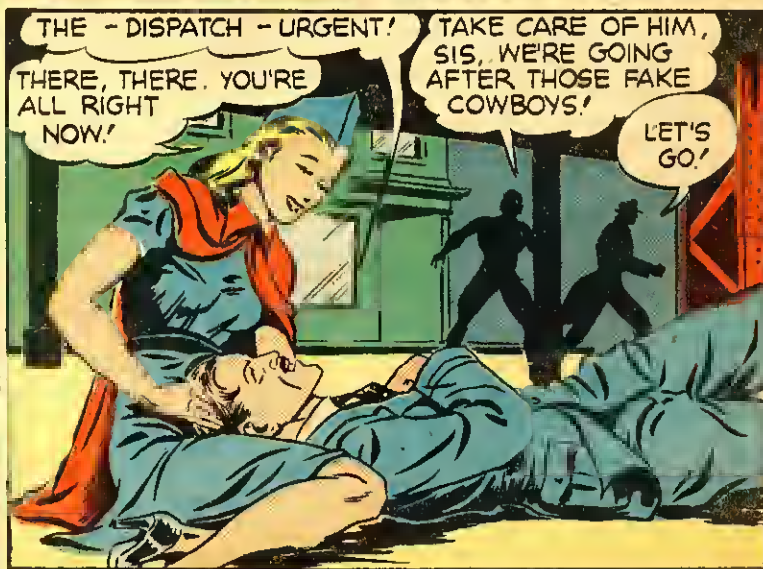


GEE WHILLIKERS! LOOK AT THAT!

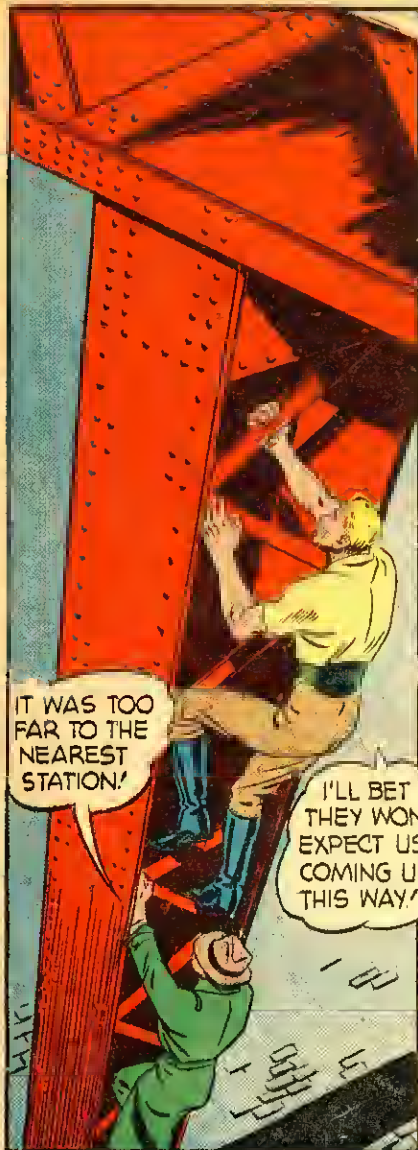
**O**N THE NEARBY ELEVATED





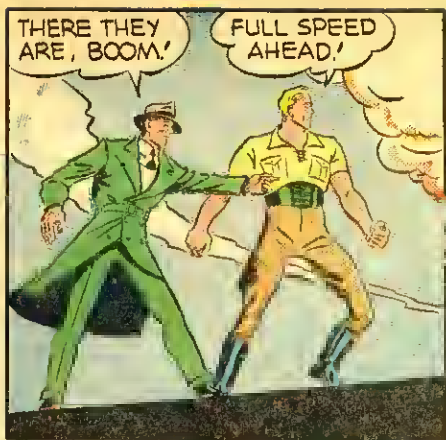






IT WAS TOO FAR TO THE NEAREST STATION!

I'LL BET THEY WON'T EXPECT US COMING UP THIS WAY!



THERE THEY ARE, BOOM!

FULL SPEED AHEAD!



AMERIKANER FOOLS! THEY HAVE NO GUNS!

BANG!

BANG!



TOO BAD WE HAVE NO SMOKE SCREEN!

SAVE YOUR WIND, BOOM!



HALP!

YOU CAN PUT INTO DRYDOCK NOW! I'VE GOT YOU!

YOU'RE HITTING ME!



FOOL! I'LL RIDDLE YOU - UGH!

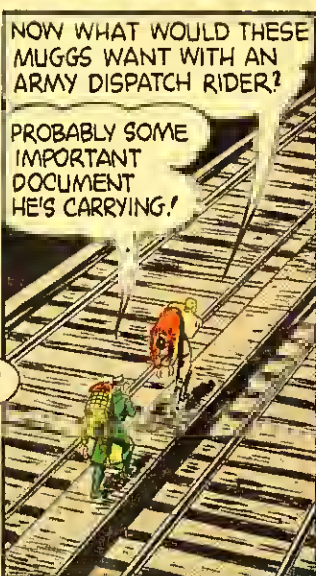
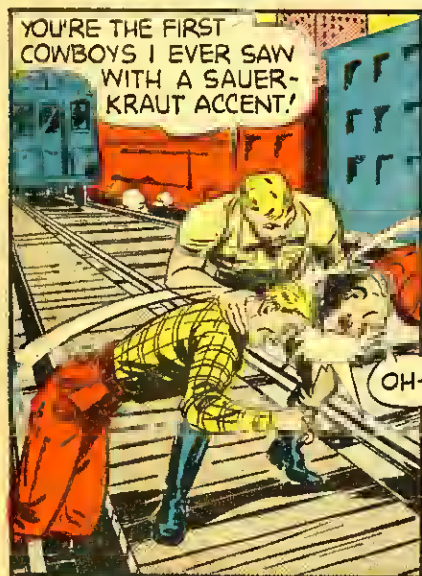
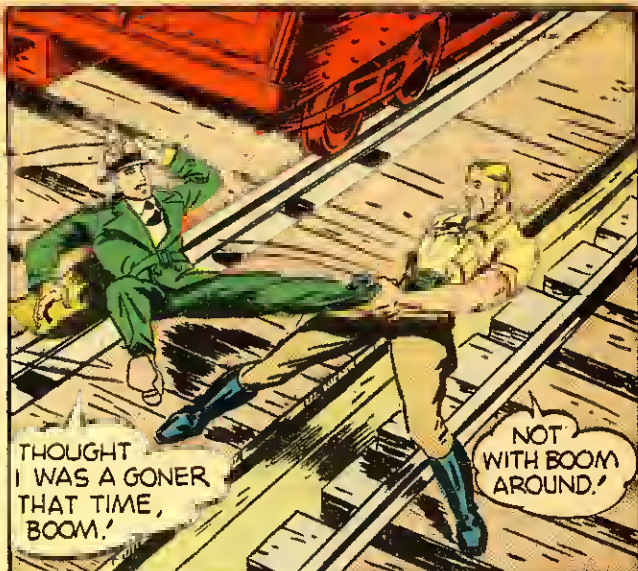
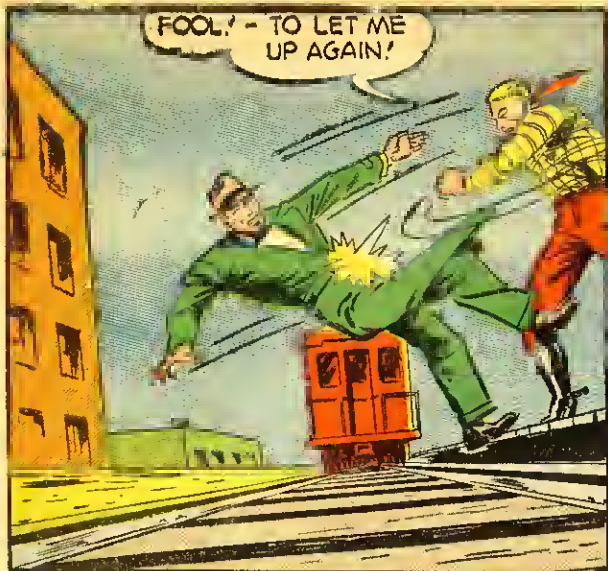
RIDDLE ME THIS, YOU RAT!



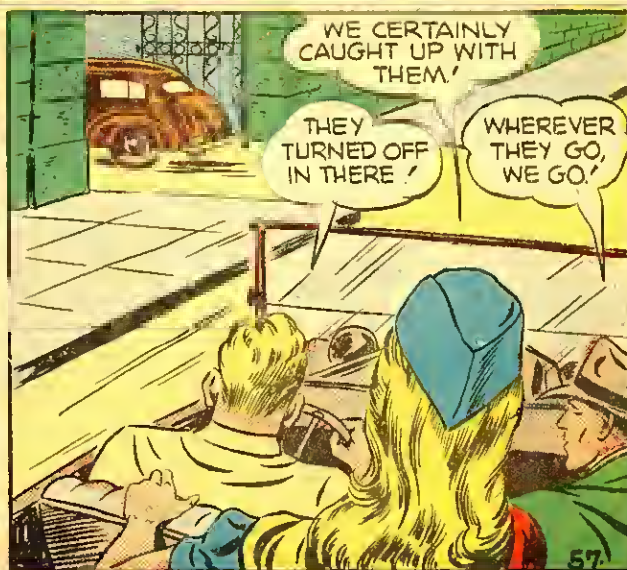
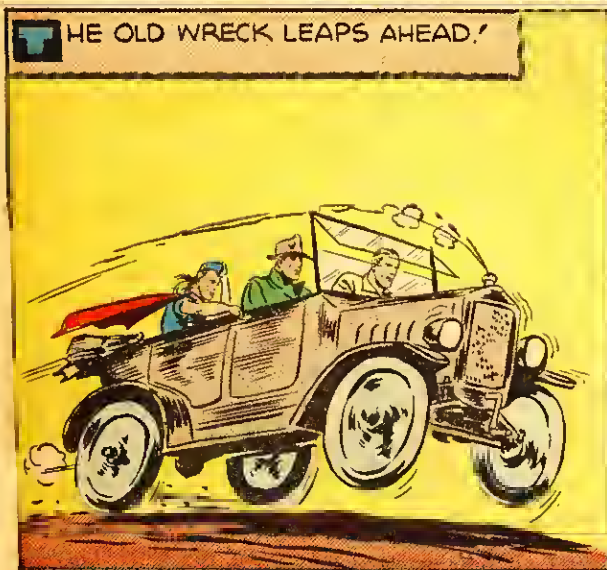
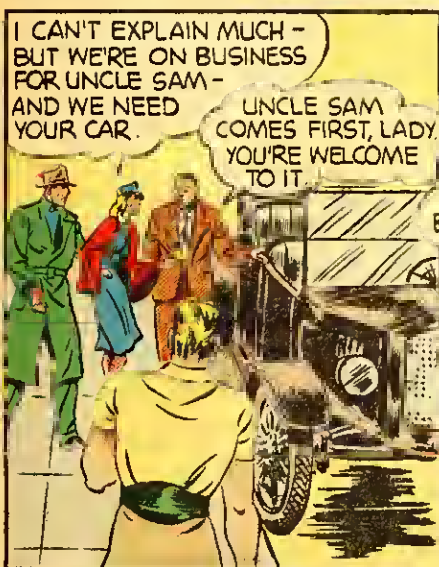
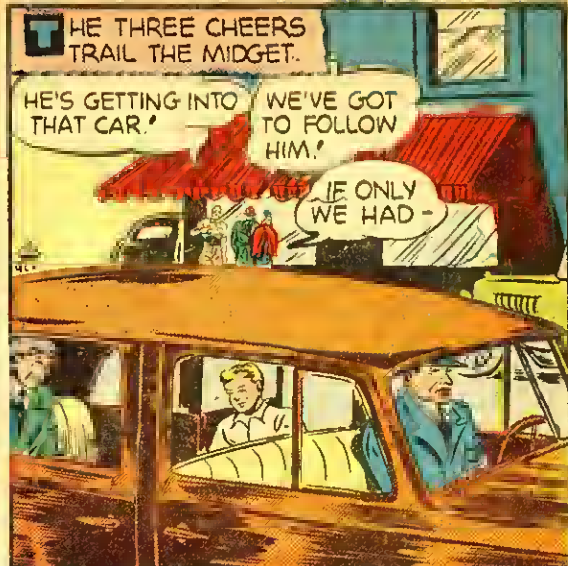
NOT LEAVING US ALREADY?

SCHWEINE-UMPH!

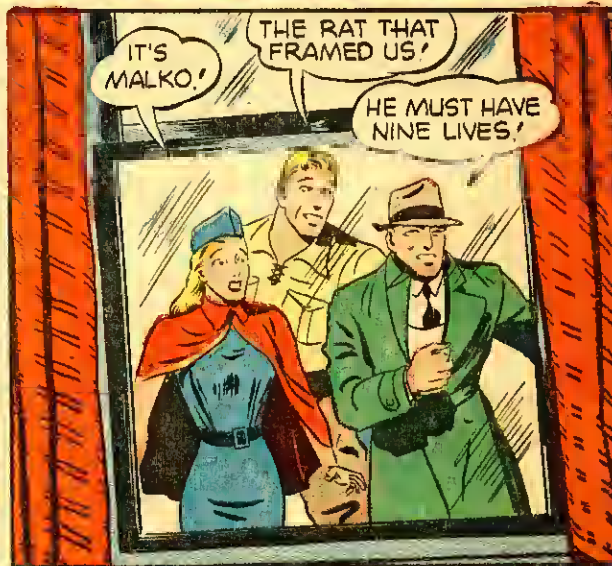
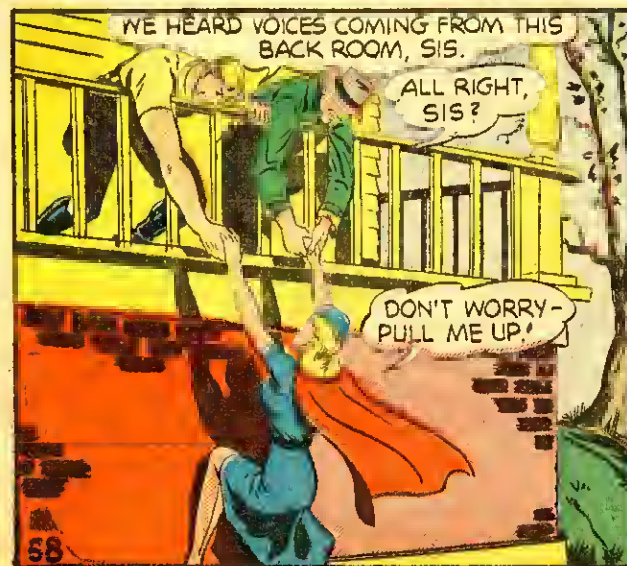
















ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH ME, HERR MALKO? YOU HAVE DONE A SPLENDID JOB, COL. UDORF - AS AMERICA WILL SOON DISCOVER - TO ITS SCORROW!



TWO SENTRIES DISCOVER THE THREE CHEERS.

THEY'VE FOUND US!  
BUT THEY HAVEN'T GOT US YET!  
LET'S GET THEM!



ONE SIDE, TOOTERS - IF YOU DON'T WANT A COLLISION!

HELP! WE ARE BEING ATTACKED!



COME ON, SIS!

DROP THAT CLUB, YOU STOOGES OF A RAT!



IF YOU TWO DON'T SURRENDER THIS INSTANT, I'LL PULL THE TRIGGER!

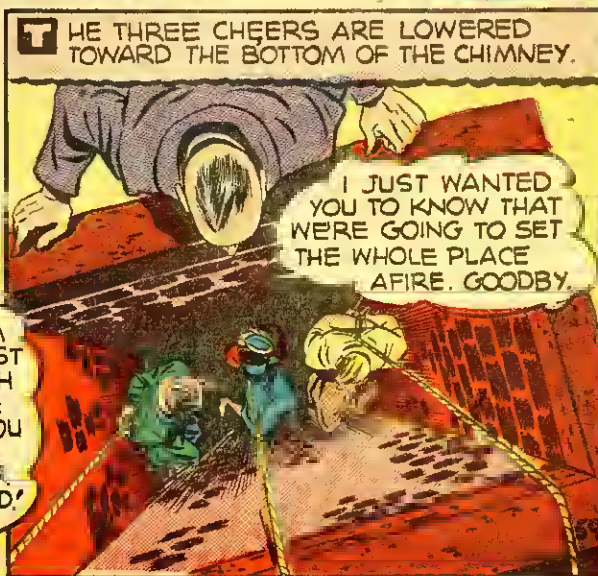


I MUST CONGRATULATE YOU THREE FOR ESCAPING ME LAST TIME. BUT THIS TIME YOU WON'T. AND NEITHER SHALL AMERICA - THESE ARE THE FUEHRER'S PLANS!



NOW YOU WILL DIE WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING MY PLAN TO SPREAD TERROR, TO YOUR COUNTRY!

UNCLE SAM HASN'T LOST YET, WHICH IS MORE THAN YOU COULD SAY FOR NAZILAND!



T HE THREE CHEERS ARE LOWERED TOWARD THE BOTTOM OF THE CHIMNEY.

I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW THAT WE'RE GOING TO SET THE WHOLE PLACE AFIRE. GOODBY.

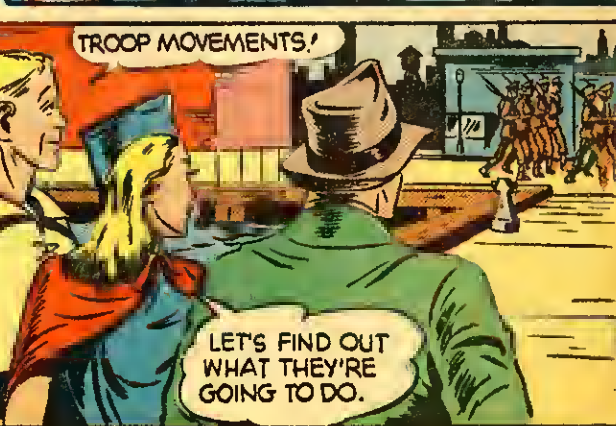
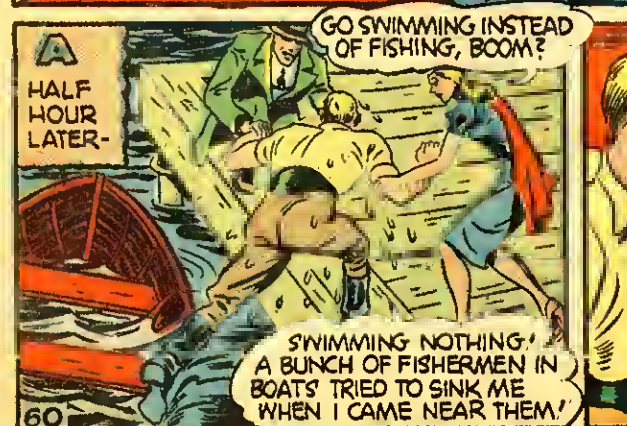
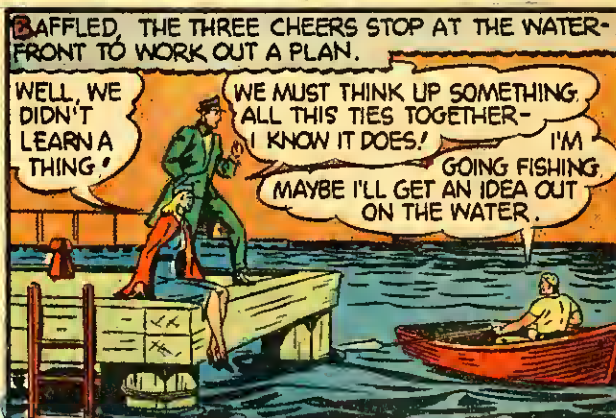
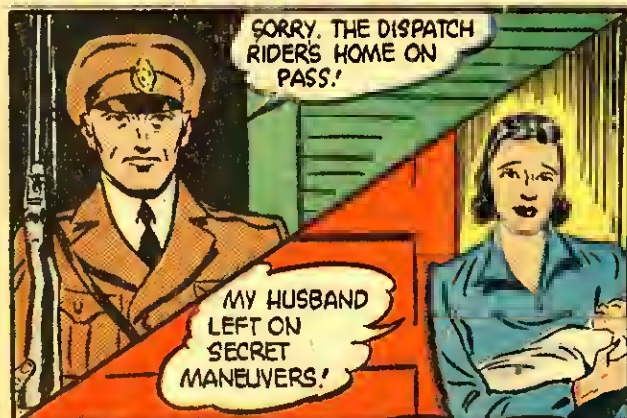
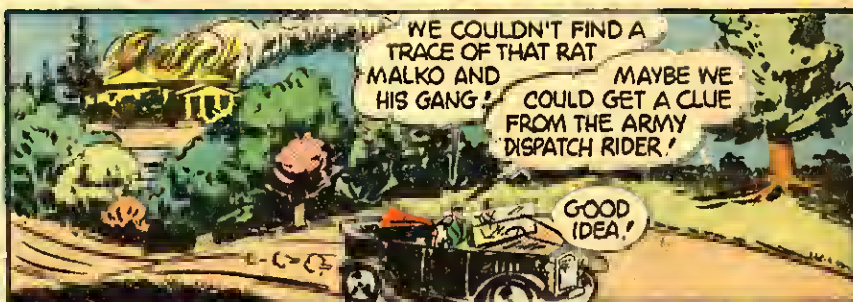


BOOM BRINGS HIS OLD VAUDEVILLE ESCAPE TRICKS INTO PLAY, AND...

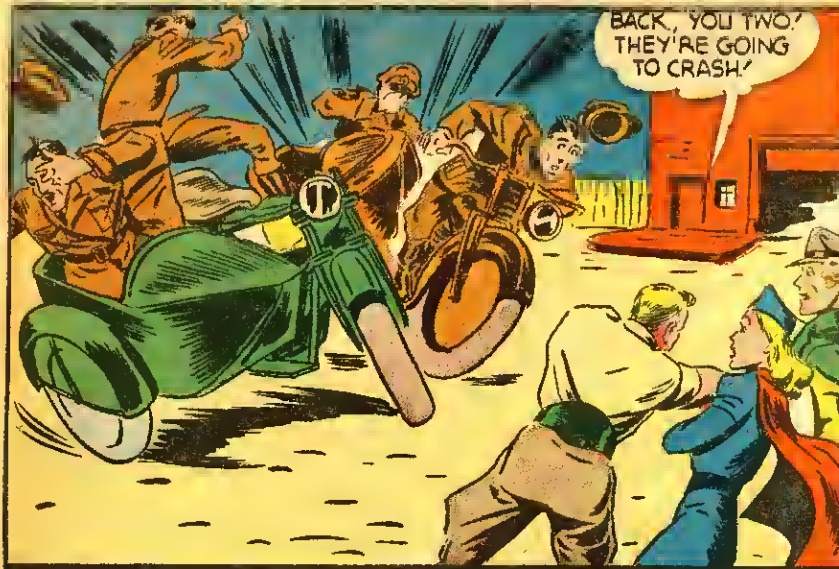
I WONDER HOW LONG THEY COULD KEEP AN EX-VAUDEVILLE ESCAPE ARTIST TIED UP!

YOU'RE WONDERFUL, BOOM!

SMOKE! HURRY, BOOM, OR WE'LL SUFFOCATE!







BACK, YOU TWO?  
THEY'RE GOING  
TO CRASH!

MAJOR AMES! YOU DISAPPEAR-  
ED AFTER THE CRASH! WERE  
YOU HURT?

THANKS TO THIS  
YOUNG LADY HERE  
I'M GOOD AS NEW!



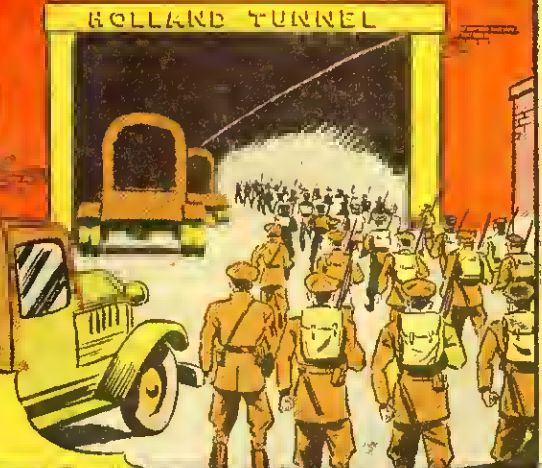
THE MAJOR WANTS ME  
TO GO WITH HIM SO  
HE WON'T HAVE TO  
RETURN TO THE  
HOSPITAL!

WE'LL HANG-  
AROUND HERE  
SIS!

REMEMBER,  
UNCLE SAM'S  
BUSINESS  
COMES  
FIRST!



WE ARE ON UNCLE  
SAM'S BUSINESS. AT  
THIS VERY MOMENT,  
HUNDREDS OF TROOPS  
ARE MARCHING INTO  
THE HOLLAND TUNNEL  
UNDER THE HUDSON  
RIVER.



IN CASE NEW YORK OR  
NEW JERSEY IS ATTACKED,  
WE ARE TESTING THE RAPIDITY  
WITH WHICH WE CAN COUNTER  
ATTACK WITH TROOPS HIDDEN  
IN THE TUNNEL.



WE'LL TAKE  
GOOD CARE  
OF HER.

BE SEEING YOU  
SOON, BOYS!

SO LONG





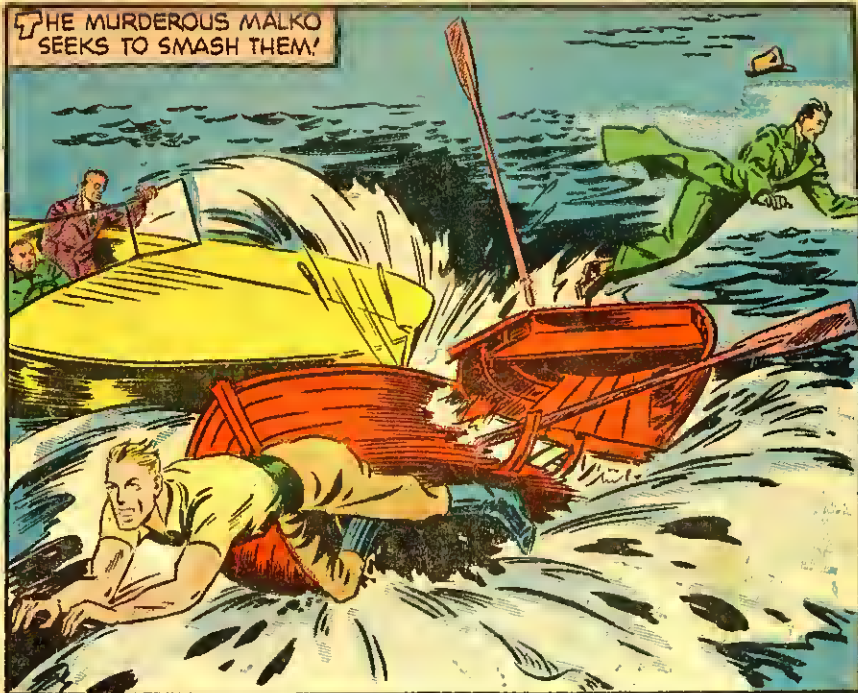


RIGHT! THEN WE'LL SEE WHAT THOSE PHONEY FISHERMEN ARE DOING UNDER WATER!

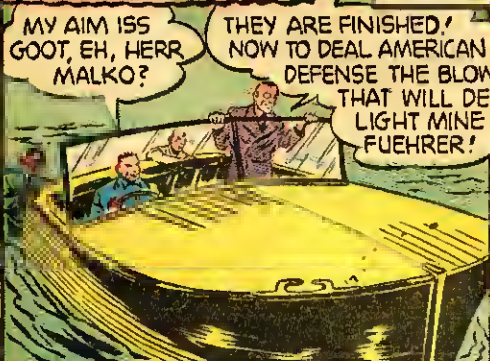


BOOM! DIVE! MALKO'S BEARING DOWN ON US!

THE MURDEROUS MALKO SEEKS TO SMASH THEM!



AS MALKO'S CRAFT BACKS AWAY FROM THE WRECK, BOOM AND BART MANAGE TO CLIMB ABOARD, UNSEEN.

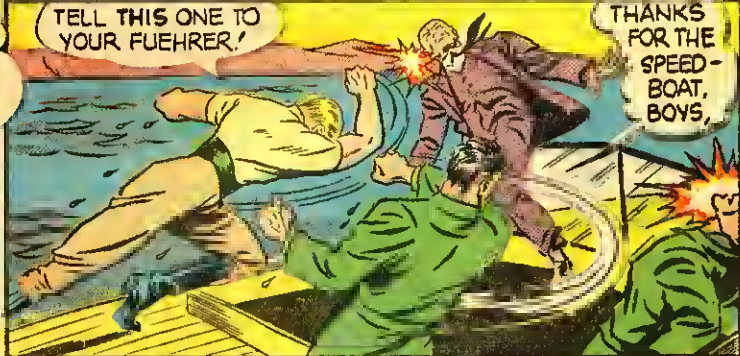


MY AIM IS GOOD, EH, HERR MALKO?

THEY ARE FINISHED! NOW TO DEAL AMERICAN DEFENSE THE BLOW THAT WILL DELIGHT MINE FUEHRER!

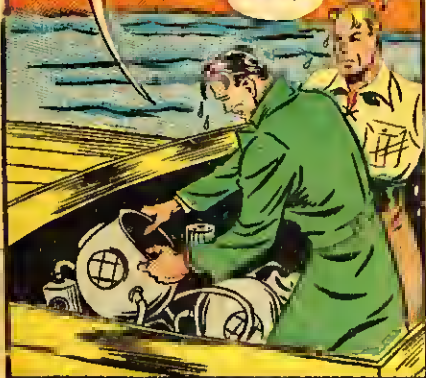
TELL THIS ONE TO YOUR FUEHRER!

THANKS FOR THE SPEED-BOAT, BOYS,

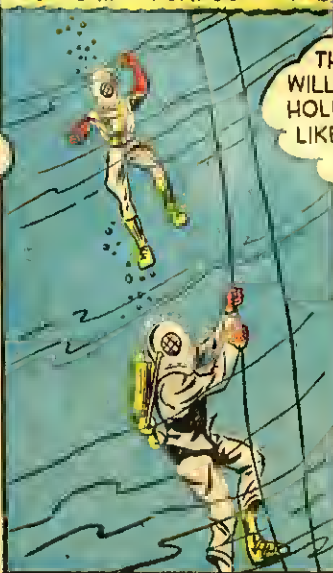


BART FINDS DIVING EQUIPMENT ABOARD THE NAZI CRAFT.

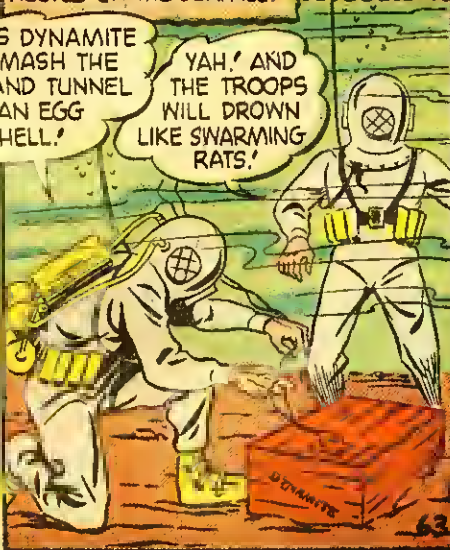
BOOM! JUST WHAT WE NEED! DIVING HELMETS, WITH THEIR OWN SUPPLY OF OXYGEN! THIS TIES MALKO IN WITH THOSE DIVING FISHERMEN- AND THAT MEANS DANGER TO AMERICA - LET'S GO!



BOOM AND BART FOLLOW THE DIVING LINES FROM THE FISHING DORY DOWNWARD



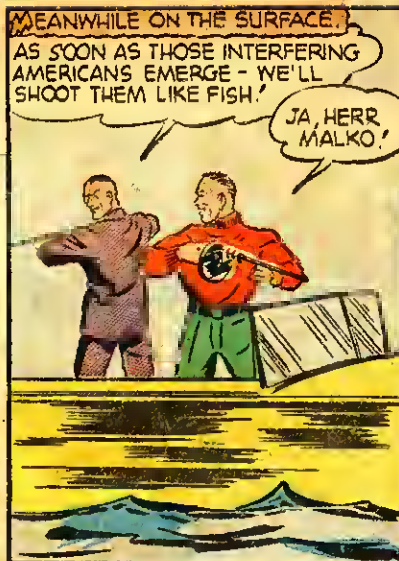
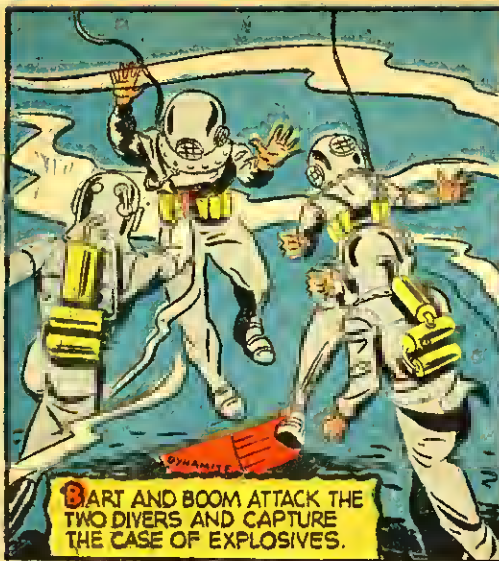
IN THE MURKY RIVER BED, THE MYSTERIOUS DIVERS SPEAK TO ONE ANOTHER THROUGH TELEPHONES CONNECTED ON THE SURFACE.



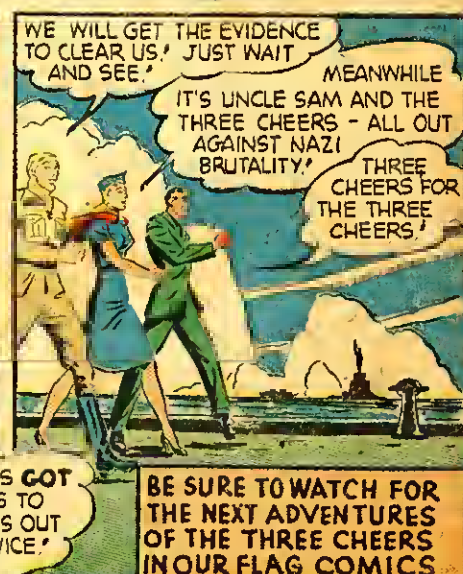
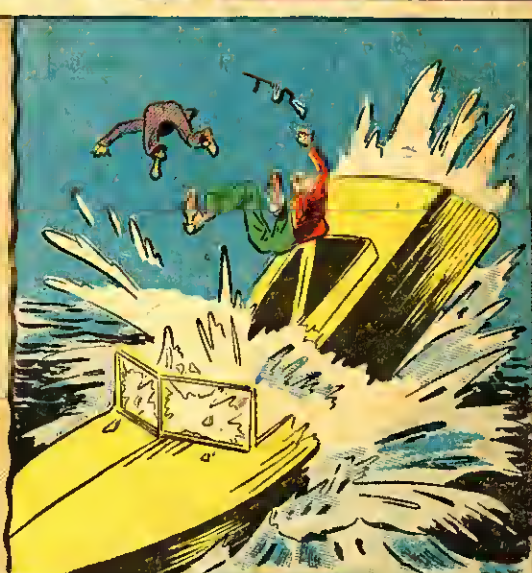
THIS DYNAMITE WILL SMASH THE HOLLAND TUNNEL LIKE AN EGG SHELL!

YAH! AND THE TROOPS WILL DROWN LIKE SWARMING RATS!





BART PLANTS THE EXPLOSIVE SUCCESSFULLY AND SWIMS TO SAFETY. MALKO IS BLOWN UP BY HIS OWN DYNAMITE.





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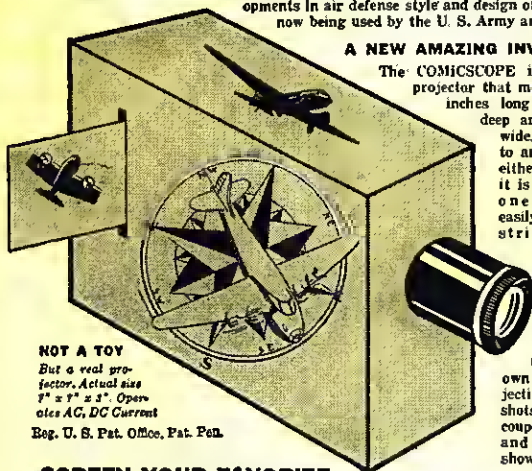
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